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THE SCANDINAVIAN FRONT

THE Finnish war has now reached a critical stage and the apprehensions not only for the Finnish people but also for the whole of Scandinavia are naturally increased. The *News Chronicle* correspondent in Stockholm reports an attempt at mediation by which Stalin might be persuaded to limit himself to holding strategic positions in the South, and it seems possible that some early effort will be made by the neutral Powers to obtain an armistice throughout Europe. Meanwhile, on the actual situation in Finland, a correspondent, who has just returned from the battlefront, writes as follows:

"Viipuri has been virtually abandoned, and its occupation will have little more than a sentimental importance. When I visited it at the end of February it was a dead city in which almost every building was either burnt or badly damaged. The port was, of course, useless. This end of the Gulf of Finland has been frozen more solidly than for many years, and it will be many weeks before the Russians can send supplies by sea.

"The real danger of the Russian advance lies in the extension of the line which the Finns have to hold with their small forces. The 'Mannerheim line' is not a continuous defence, like the Maginot line, but a series of strong points, placed so as to make the best use of the lakes and waterways. The Russians have now pushed the Finns back from the narrowest part of the isthmus, and forced them to take up new and far longer lines running east and west rather than north and south.

"On the other fronts, especially in the area directly north of Lake Ladoga, the Russian armies are badly ditched. There are no railways, except the wretched line to Murmansk, and their mechanised units have been forced to keep along the few and narrow roads, since they cannot push their way through the forests. Being poor mechanics they had innumerable breakdowns, especially during the record cold in January. Every road north of Lake Ladoga is blocked by a series of little camps, where groups of lorries, tanks and other vehicles have been parked and the Russians dug themselves in. Many of these 'mottes'

have surrendered, others are still being fed from the air. The published lists of a large number of captured tanks usually mean that one or more of these camps have been taken.

"March is usually a month of snow, but as the thaw sets in from the South we may expect that the Russians will gradually clear up their lines towards the northern fronts. Their progress in the isthmus area will depend on two factors, their willingness to face the heavy casualties involved in frontal attacks on the remaining series of strong places, and the Finnish ability to collect sufficient reserves to prepare new, and necessarily longer lines in the country west of Viipuri. There are several natural lines, making use of lakes, waterways and canals, which will be effective enough in the summer. If the Finns have to remain on the defensive both in the north and the south it is difficult to see how they can continue to hold out against the overwhelming weight of numbers, the Russian preponderance in the air, and the diffusion of their own forces. Their hopes depend on being able to attack somewhere between Salla and Suomissalmi, cutting through to the White Sea and the Murmansk line, and thus immensely shortening their front. Finland has no reserve man-power. Up to the present the assistance from abroad has not amounted, numerically, to the twelve thousand volunteers in the Spanish International Brigade. Military authorities estimate that to alter the course of the war, something in the nature of fifty thousand men would have to reach Finland before the end of April."

Blockade and Export

The Italian press is registering a high degree of indignation at the action of the British control in stopping the Italian vessels which have left Holland with cargoes of German coal since the period of grace expired. Actually the Italians have been treated much more favourably than other neutrals, partly for political reasons and partly because it was hoped that by now a satisfactory agreement would have been reached for the exchange of British coal for Italian products. The difficulty over this matter seems to be that we want to exchange coal for products of Italian heavy industry, which Italy is unwilling to send. As our coal would go largely to this type of industry, which will supply Germany unless it supplies us, we appear to have a strong case. As for British export trade in general, Sir Andrew Duncan has this week announced his plans. Under a full-time Executive and an Export Council representative of big business, all export trades are being invited to form organisations for the wartime direction of export policy; and promises are made that the Ministry of Supply will pay special attention to export demands in allocating materials. Mr. R. S. Hudson accompanies these announcements with a speech in which he denied any intention on our part to secure a monopoly of world markets or to coerce neutrals into barter arrangements compelling them to take unwanted goods. Indeed, the real danger is not this, but that to place the control of exports firmly in the hands of the trade associations is to put the home consumer at their mercy. The bad principle of the Ministry of Supply—real control in the hands of the producers' rings—is now being extended to the organisation of export trade. As to the home consumers, they will have only what these rings choose to give them after Government and export needs have been met.

Democracy in France

There is far too little news in this country about internal France. How far, we are frequently asked, does freedom still exist in France; how much truth is there in the current stories of the harsh treatment of the French Communists and of foreign refugees? Some light on the French position may be thrown by a letter which reaches us as we go to press. We have recently printed two letters from the same author because his charges of police persecution and brutality appeared to need investigation. In this latest letter there are further allegations of violent attacks on the French Communist Party which, he says, "still represents the only Party that can save France from Hitler and from the 200 Families." In his next paragraph this strange propagandist proceeds to describe the violent agitation against the war which, he alleges the Communists are carrying out everywhere in France!

To point out the dangers and inconsistencies of such an attitude does not, however, remove the impression in the minds of many people, whose opinions are far from "Left," that the French Government has not behaved with conspicuous wisdom in its handling of the Communist problem, nor does it remove the obligation on those who wish democracy to survive this war to ask questions and criticise official actions and motives. Certain facts about the position, which in regard to the treatment of refugees and the conditions of the camps seems to have greatly improved, are now to hand. Under the decree passed at the beginning of the war to deal with various forms of "defeatism," enemy propaganda and sabotage, we are informed that some 1,800 persons have been arrested. Obviously there are dangers in the sweeping powers against "dangerous views," recently satirised in *Le Canard Enchainé* as "objectively subjective views; subjectively objective views; intentionally unintentional views; false assertions presumed to be true, and true assertions presumed to be false." "This decree," writes Mr. Werth, our correspondent in Paris, "lends itself to almost any interpretation and is certainly the queerest piece of legislation seen for a long time; it would be a very dangerous weapon in the hands of an undemocratic government, and there is a great deal of feeling against it."

With regard to other allegations we are informed that there is no truth in the statement that French Communists have been sent to camps in Madagascar, Indo-China and French Equatorial Africa. We also have before us a report, made by the O.C.J.G. (a Protestant Youth organisation) which has been allowed to visit a large number of camps in France. Conditions, if we are to trust this report, which would seem to be objective, are now greatly improved. Some of the camps have been shut down and the remaining internees put together in more convenient centres. The general conclusion of this report is that, while internment is "never pleasant," the internment camps are not worse than troop camps and that many amenities have been recently introduced. Of the 18,000 German refugees interned at the beginning of the war, about half have been released and opportunities of service in the Foreign Legion or in a "Labour Formation" are offered to the remaining "fit" internees between the ages of 17 and 48. Some 3,000 are considered as Nazis and treated as prisoners of war. There is now available an interesting list of well-known German refugees who have been released, a longer list of those whose cases have

not yet been settled and a short list (including surprisingly the name of Arthur Koestler, whom it has been decided not to release).

Back to School

In the debate last Wednesday on Education, Mr. Kenneth Lindsay made no effort to disguise the seriousness of the situation. Though in reception and neutral areas nearly all the children are now receiving some education, there are still 330,000 children in evacuation areas without any form of schooling, and the percentage of part-timers is still far too high. As Earl de la Warr remarked in his broadcast, those who consider education a luxury had better look at the children who have missed six months of school. Mr. Lindsay very wisely stressed in his speech the problem caused by conscription: what is to happen to the children in the years between leaving school and joining the army especially to the 80 per cent. who do not go to secondary schools? He found hope in the work of the recently established youth committees; though it seems clear that they cannot provide any real substitute for the raising of the school leaving age or the establishment, if this is impossible, of compulsory part-time education. More can be expected perhaps of the proposal to set up an inter-party committee, which could also tackle the problem of the public schools raised by Mr. Lees-Smith. Both the President and the Parliamentary Committee are full of good intentions, but they seem to get strangled by red tape.

S. Wales Miners and the War

The Communist demand for the ending of "the imperialist war" was rejected by a 3 to 1 majority at a delegate conference of the South Wales Miners' Federation last Saturday. Since the Federation has thirteen nominees in Parliament and stands on the left of the Labour Movement, its decision is of great significance not only to S. Wales, now a leading centre of war-production, but to the country as a whole. It confirms the decision of the conference called by the South Wales Regional Council of Labour and addressed by Mr. Attlee and Mr. Jim Griffiths; though it should be noted that the resolution passed by the miners included a condemnation of the political truce. Since the death of Tom Richards the secretaryship of the S.W.M.F., now held by Mr. Oliver Harris, has tended to become less important than the presidency. When Mr. Jim Griffiths gave up the latter office four years ago to become a Member of Parliament, there was no candidate able to compare in personality with Mr. Arthur Horner, Communist and one-time rebel against the Federation leadership. Mr. Horner was elected, and has since distinguished himself by eliminating the owner-subsidised "non-political" union from the coalfield and establishing more friendly relations with the Coal Owners' Association than have existed for a generation. The membership and funds of the Federation have increased. On the whole the miners are satisfied, and the Communists on the executive for this reason won for their "anti-war" resolution some votes they might not otherwise have got. Mr. Horner indicated his support for the party line, but as President remained "impartial" and took no part in the debate. The anti-Communist majority therefore cannot be construed as censuring Mr. Horner, but as indicating a weakening of Stalinite influence.

The Mood of the House

From Our Parliamentary Correspondent.—Conservative Members of Parliament have never been able to realise or understand the passionate hostility to the Means Test which animates the Labour Movement. It arises not only from a sense of the indignity of the whole business but from a conviction—which, for political reasons, cannot always be expressed—that it penalises the good worker and citizen for the benefit of the bad. The introduction of a household test into the Old Age Pensions Bill is the sole cause of the bitter opposition to an otherwise inoffensive measure, and has therefore been a psychological blunder on the part of Sir John Simon. Day after day, in speech after speech, the Means Test has been attacked by members of the Labour Party. In so far as it has convinced members of all parties that a radical reconstruction of our social services, particularly with regard to pensions and insurance, is overdue, this Bill may even have done some good.

In the midst of much acrimonious debate, the Naval Estimates provided a pleasant interlude. Mr. Churchill is one of the few Ministers who commands the absolute confidence of the House. He gave us the speech, and the information, we expected from him; and Mr. Alexander made an admirable reply. The only point of substance which emerged during the subsequent debate was raised by Vice-Admiral Taylor, who remarked that it was almost incredible, after the experiences of the last war, that we should have once again been caught without an adequately protected base for the principal fleet. It appears that, ever since the sinking of the *Royal Oak*, Scapa Flow has been out of use. And this has involved immense additional wear and tear for the machinery of ships of every type, and strain on the personnel.

This brings me to a question of fundamental importance, which is exercising the minds of many Members of Parliament, and which ought to be ventilated. During the first three months of the war there was a lot of healthy and constructive criticism in the House of Commons, as a result of which a number of grievances were remedied. But in recent weeks the official Party truce, in conjunction with the iron discipline imposed by Captain Margesson and his Whips, has tended to subdue any kind of independent spirit on the back benches, and to reduce private members to a position where they are little more than pawns in the big political game. This may account for the mingled relish and relief with which we now fall upon, and argue about, questions which are of subsidiary importance in relation to the general conduct of the war, such as the Pensions Bill, and Mr. MacDonald's latest decision about the land in Palestine. These are subjects upon which we feel we can legitimately let ourselves go without incurring the odious charge of disloyalty, and without personal political risk.

The main issues are not discussed in open debate. They are confined to the committee, the smoking, and the dining rooms. But here dissatisfaction is rife. The existing machinery of Government, with its endless overlapping and interminable delays, is daily and hourly subjected to ruthless criticism. The shortage of machine-tools and of certain raw materials (concerning which members of all parties are extremely well informed), the deplorable unemployment figures, the scandal of the controls, the chaos of evacuation, the difficulty of obtaining any kind of decision in the economic field, the apparent lack of any constructive long-term financial policy, are equally deplored. And the Keynes scheme, with all its implications, is eagerly discussed. But these are matters which, if dragged into the light of day, might affect public confidence, and even jeopardise the position of the Government itself. They are therefore "tabu" as far as the chamber is concerned.

It is an unhealthy situation, and one which cannot long continue. Sooner rather than later the House of Commons will have to make up its mind whether it thinks that this Government is the best that can be found for the efficient conduct of the war or not; and will then have to face the consequences of its decision. For my part I am convinced that we are now passing through the phase of the first Coalition during the last war, and that the crisis of 1916 already looms ahead.

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LABOUR AND THE "DAILY HERALD"

THE resignation of Mr. Francis Williams and the appointment of Mr. Percy Cudlipp as editor of the *Daily Herald* raises more than personal issues. Indeed, we are not concerned at all with the personal issues; it is not our business to consider the merits of Mr. Francis Williams as editor; and it is far from our desire to suggest in any way that Mr. Cudlipp is anything but a highly efficient executive who earned on the *Evening Standard* popularity with his staff as well as a general recognition of his administrative capacities. We are concerned only with the public issue. The Labour movement has long congratulated itself on the existence of one big circulation daily newspaper, which was constitutionally bound to put forward a Labour policy, and whose general political purpose was to advance the Socialist cause. And now, after three editors, all of whom were well known as members of the Labour Party, an editor is appointed who is not a member of the Labour Party, who comes from a Conservative newspaper, and whose appointment is clearly a matter of business and not of politics at all. From the letter which we published from Mr. Francis Williams last week, the Labour movement learns for the first time that the editor of the Labour daily may have his articles cut about or suppressed, and that he may be driven to resignation and a new editor appointed without any consultation with the political leaders of Labour, in order to suit the wishes of a big commercial company which does not pretend any particular interest in Labour politics.

How, people ask, can this thing happen? They thought that Labour controlled the *Daily Herald* and that the constitution adopted when the paper passed into the joint control of Odhams and the T.U.C., safeguarded the political position of the paper. The constitution was, in fact, an unusual and not an altogether satisfactory document. The *Daily Herald* (1929) Limited is a private company, the greater part of whose shares are held by Odhams. The profits of this enterprise are thus divided between Odhams and the T.U.C. (the other shareholders). Odhams is also guaranteed a substantial return in any case for the money that is invested, since it has the contract for printing and distributing the *Daily Herald*. 51 per cent. of the shares (on which, incidentally, no dividend has yet been paid), are held by Odhams, and 49 per cent. by the T.U.C.

On matters of policy the only safeguard lies in a general provision that political policy shall be in accordance with that laid down by the annual conference of the Labour Party. Industrial policy must similarly conform to the decisions of the T.U.C. conference. This is obviously no more than a general guarantee that the paper shall have a Labour flavour. It ensures that one at least of the four large circulation dailies shall adopt a line generally favourable to Labour; it does not compel the management to advocate Labour policy regularly or strenuously, and it leaves a wide discretion in interpretation.

It is clear from Mr. Francis Williams's letter that it was, in fact, on this political issue that much of the trouble between him and Odhams arose. He believed that particularly during the electoral truce it was of the utmost importance for the *Daily Herald* to maintain a constant discussion, and "that no amount of snappy presentation and slick sloganising can justify the absence in a Labour paper at such a time as this of a sustained endeavour to inform and educate its readers on grave public issues." The existence of a Labour editor himself was the only real guarantee that this attitude would be adopted by the paper, and there is no provision in the constitution for the appointment or dismissal of the editor. The monthly meetings of the Board, at which there are five representatives of Odhams and four from the T.U.C., are not in general concerned with questions of politics; they are mainly business discussions. Unless someone closely associated with the daily routine of the paper makes a particular point of appealing to Mr. Bevin, Sir Walter Citrine and their two colleagues, questions of policy are only likely to arise between the T.U.C. and the management of the paper in the rare event of some fundamental political issue forcing itself on the attention of both parties. The Labour Party, as such, has no say in the matter; its only safeguard is in its personal contact with an editor who shares its point of view, and in such influence as it brings to bear on the Trade Union directors who, as we have shown, are not in a position, without editorial contact, to have more than an intermittent control over policy. Now that there is no longer a Socialist editor Labour supporters all over the country are compelled to ask whether the *Daily Herald* is, in fact, any longer to be considered a Labour Party organ.

Neither we nor anyone else familiar with the newspaper business suggest that the *Daily Herald* should return to those days when it was a propagandist organ first and last. The public which buys papers simply for the sake of their politics is strictly limited, and the Labour movement has reasonably congratulated itself on the possession of the second largest newspaper in the country. It is not suggested that the *Daily Herald* should cease to hold its place among the big four, but it is reasonably held that its reputation and value rest on a sturdy representation of a Socialist point of view, as well as on an efficient presentation of the sort of news which the public most readily buys. That Labour politics are compatible with pictures that we all like to see of girls bathing in the ice or sunshine, and with all the day-by-day gossip in which the public revels, the past of the *Daily Herald* in some measure assures us.

The question arises to-day, with the departure of Mr. Francis Williams, whether the Labour movement has any real guarantee that the *Daily Herald* will be in the future even as much the kind of newspaper it desires, as it has been in the past. It is not enough for the new editor to state his intention of increasing its service to the Labour movement. The issue is constitutional, not personal, and it is only natural that in some influential quarters the question is being canvassed whether some change ought not be made permanently to ensure the substance of Labour control over the policy of the *Daily Herald*. There is talk of the possible appointment of an editorial board of Labour representatives in direct contact with the editor, or at least the addition of a Parliamentary Party representative on the Board of Directors. But no editorial board and no representatives occasionally meeting the management can greatly affect the situation. Only the editor himself can watch over the daily inter-

pretation of events in the light of Socialist principles, the daily decision of what news is important and the daily consideration of what subjects should be discussed in leaders and feature articles. The shaping of policy in this practical sense can only be a matter for the editor and can only be effected by an editor in constant and sympathetic touch with the leaders of the Labour movement in and outside Parliament. One thing is certain—the Labour Party surely does not desire a situation in which it is held responsible for what the *Daily Herald* says and yet has no effective control over its daily outlook and policy.

STRATEGIC JUSTICE IN THE EAST

STRATEGICAL thinking has always influenced British policy in the East, and until we inhabit a disarmed planet, it is inevitable that it should do so. To hold or to dominate the vast estate our forefathers won would be impossible if we trusted to the sword alone or even to the bombing plane: politics must reinforce these weapons. The traditional expedient of the British ruling class has always been to play for the sympathy of the Muslims. From Jerusalem to Angora and from Angora to Delhi that well-worn device has come back into favour to-day. It was otherwise in the last war, when even Lord Balfour and Lord Curzon followed Mr. Lloyd George in reviving a "bag-and-baggage" attitude towards the Turks that would have satisfied Mr. Gladstone in his hottest crusading moments. They contrived in India to fling the Muslims for a time into the embrace of the rebel Hindus, and in Palestine it was the Jews rather than the Arabs that they chose to be the future guardians of the approaches to Suez.

To-day the wheel of destiny has revolved full circle with consequences in India and Palestine that may not answer all our expectations. The East is not as changeless as Tory tradition supposes, and in our generation theocracy, even in the Muslim world, is in rapid decay. The Turks have returned with evident cordiality to the old relationship of friendship and alliance that prevailed through a great part of the last century. But to suppose that they think of themselves first of all as Muslims, or that they concern themselves very deeply with the interests of the Faithful elsewhere, would be to misread the cultural revolution that Ataturk completed. Nationalism and not religion is the dominant force in the East to-day, though it is capable of using fanaticism as its tool; as the Grand Mufti used to do, when it suited him to pretend that Zionism threatened the Mosque of Omar. Muslims, after all, have their sense of humour. They laughed when the Duce proclaimed himself in conquered Libya the protector of Islam, and posed in that character with his drawn sword for an equestrian statue of startling vulgarity. They are capable of a mild amusement at some of our naïver professions of partiality. These strategical reckonings are no doubt inevitable, while General Weygand watches the assembly of an Army of the East in Syria, Palestine and Egypt. What the Kremlin will ultimately decide to do in the Middle East is as difficult to forecast as British policy itself. It is proper that everything in reason should be done to conciliate Eastern peoples, who happen to be, with varying degrees of devotion, lax or orthodox Muslims. It is possible, however, to exaggerate the positive military value of their support. In the Middle East the Turks are the only race with a proud soldierly record. Even in India, the Tory tradition contrives to forget a good deal in the history of that Peninsula. Muslims and Sikhs have no monopoly of glory. The Hindu Mahrattas were the leading military power. At the conquest, and up to the Mutiny, some of the best Sepoy regiments were composed of Bengali Brahmins.

It may be unavoidable that a somewhat sordid calculus should occupy our minds at such a moment as this, but if we do indulge in this politico-military arithmetic, let us at least get the balance exact. It is undeniable that in Palestine and far beyond it the hostility of the Arabs could be excessively inconvenient if the war spreads to the East. It is equally true that the Jews are no longer a balancing factor with bargaining power, as they were when first this Empire embraced Zionism. Whatever we may do, they must support our cause against the arch-enemy of their race. But even so, there are degrees of zeal, and in America Jewish disappointment will have its effect. Again, it may be true that the mass of the Indian population is unwarlike; its characteristic weapon, civil disobedience, pitted against the technique of the police, may be blunter than it supposes. But here also the imponderables have weight. The support of the Muslim world would profit us very little if we had to demonstrate our zeal for democracy with *lathis* on the persons of our Indian subjects. We have chilled American sympathy already by our unimaginative response to the appeals of the National Congress.

On the surface, the facts of this Indian problem are fairly clear. The repeated talks between the Viceroy and Mr. Gandhi have ended in complete deadlock. Eight of the eleven provincial Ministries have resigned as a gesture of protest, and only the personal influence of Mr. Gandhi, still bent upon conciliation, has so far availed to delay a resort to civil disobedience. Yet on the surface the Government has made what looks like a handsome concession. It is prepared to revise its unacceptable scheme of Federation and to consult all the interests and creeds as to its future shape. It has undertaken that the result, immediately after the war, shall conform to the definition of Dominion status in the statute of Westminster, though defence will necessarily have to be "reserved" for many years. But this promising attitude is completely overshadowed by the condition that Congress must first of all come to terms with the Muslim League.

In reply, Congress stands stiffly and with good reason on its right of self-determination. It insists that Indians themselves shall plan the house in which Indians must live. It will not be content with a second imposed constitution, and in particular it is not prepared to admit the Princes to the federal structure so long as they remain irresponsible autocrats. Latterly, as the skies darkened, it has insisted that it demands not Dominion status, but literal independence—to which one is tempted to answer firstly that a Dominion does in fact enjoy effective sovereignty, and secondly, that in this ugly world it is not enough to will independence: the reality depends on the industrial, potential and financial power that goes to make a modern defence force the master of three elements. But the main difficulty lies in the seemingly irreconcilable feud between Congress and Mr. Jinnah's Muslim League. It is grossly unfair to regard Congress as a Hindu organisation, whatever the creed of the majority of its members may be. It has at the moment a Muslim divine as its president, the Maulana Abul Azad, and on its governing body a Parsi and a Sikh have seats. It has never espoused the sectarian interests of Hinduism, as the rival Mahasabha does. Mr. Jinnah's League, powerful though it is, is far from speaking for the whole body of Muslims, and the big Shiah community is entirely outside it.

The feud between the two looks hopeless. It could not be met by any further concession of rights to the Muslim minority, already well protected as it is. The trouble is that against the Indian nationalism of Congress, Mr. Jinnah and his school maintain that the Muslims themselves constitute a separate "nation." What this means in detail was explained in a letter to the *Times* of February 29th, by Sir H. A. Haroon, the Chairman of the League's "Foreign" Committee. He quotes two demands from resolutions which it has passed: (1) that "a separate national home in the shape of an autonomous State" shall be created for the Muslims, and (2) that those living in the rest of India shall rank as its "nationals,"

apparently with an extra-territorial status. This latter suggestion seems flatly impossible, nor would it please these Muslims to lose their votes and their eligibility for salaried public posts. But the proposal to create a separate Muslim Ulster, outside an Indian Dominion, is feasible, though it may be deplorable. It would consist of the Punjab, Sindh, the Frontier Province and the principality of Kashmir—an arrangement that leaves Eastern Bengal out in the cold. Apparently the Muslim League as a whole hesitates as yet to advance this demand in public, but it has no other positive proposal and it makes the claim of principle that Muslims are a separate nation. One may doubt whether any of the provincial legislatures included in the proposed State would welcome its creation: certainly the Frontier Province and probably the Punjab would oppose it. As to the real attitude of Delhi and Downing Street one can only speculate. Do they desire a second Ulster complication? Probably not: the traditional technique of dividing to rule is very much subtler than this. But the fact is, that knowing how completely intransigent is the Muslim League, they have made its consent a condition to any further progress towards Indian freedom. That is indefensible. The easiest way out of this deadlock might be to entrust to an assembly, chosen proportionately by the provincial councils, the final exercise of the right of self-determination. It would, of course, have to delegate to a businesslike working committee the delicate business of drafting and negotiating the settlement in detail.

The crisis in Palestine is disturbing for two reasons. It limits the asylum open to the Jews at the hour of their sorest need. Again, our military calculations have called in question our good faith. Few of us, if we could choose freely, would to-day do over again what Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Balfour did, precisely as they did it. The contradictory pledge given to the Arabs is disturbing. To predict any happy future for Palestine under the present conditions requires a robust faith. Probably partition would be the least unsatisfactory solution. But the fact remains that chiefly for our own strategical ends we secured from our Allies and the League the control of Palestine on the faith of our promise to build in it a national home for the Jews. The home, which originally included all Palestine and Transjordan as well, has now shrunk, under Mr. MacDonald's land ordinance, to a mere Ghetto—the seashore of Philistia with a few outlying districts. There can be no dispute that this ordinance is, on several counts, at variance with the Mandate. That, indeed, was the verdict of the League's Permanent Mandates Commission. It is unworthy of a self-respecting nation to break faith in this way, because it finds difficulties and dangers in its path. No offer of compensation elsewhere has yet been made, unless we reckon the dubious scheme in British Guiana. Is there no room for close settlement in the wide spaces and genial climate of the Canadian Pacific coast?

Nothing in Palestinian policy is ever final. It is not too late to suggest a wholly new approach. The land problem of Palestine has never been tackled creatively as a whole. The Arab peasant is the victim of a shocking system of tenure, which exposes him to all the evils of rack renting and usury. The obvious remedy is to break up the big feudal estates by some such plan as that of the Irish Land Purchase Acts. But to be fruitful, such a reform would have to be completed by a generous scheme of co-operative credit and marketing, but above all by a planned system of irrigation, carried out by public finance. The Jewish home can never be happy or safe with an Arab slum at its doors. The contrast between Jewish prosperity and Arab misery explains half the trouble in Palestine: the influence of the reactionary landed class accounts for most of the rest. With water and an assisted transition to intensive farming, room could be made for a considerable Jewish immigration side by side with an Arab peasantry to whom we should have brought contentment and hope. Military reasoning, to sum up this survey, is a fallible guide to policy. There is much to be said for justice.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

FINLAND AND MEMORIES OF SPAIN

Helsinki, February 22nd

MANY people who were wholeheartedly on the Government side in the Spanish war may be feeling some doubts about the Finnish question. It seems queer to find oneself so soon supporting a cause which is vilified by Communists and favoured by men and women of the "drawing-room Fascist" or "Catholic crusader" mentality. It seems more necessary than ever to judge each problem on its own merits and at first hand, disregarding as utterly unimportant these extreme politicians who rush into a cause to which they are attracted merely on theoretical grounds. A few months working in Eastern Spain convinced me that the picture of Spain *à la* Arnold Lunn was completely fantastic. Neither the Government nor the mass of the people who supported them were Communist, and the help which they received from Russia was belated, meagre and ineffective. Finland I knew slightly in peacetime, and have now seen at war. Finland *à la* Pritt seems to me a travesty as fantastic as any which a Lord Phillimore or an Arnold Wilson evolved about Spain. It is not only the minor inaccuracies which characterise the man writing or talking to a brief which has been badly prepared by violent partisans, but the whole picture is totally out of perspective.

It has been my misfortune to have seen a number of peoples while they were being attacked by forces from overwhelmingly stronger countries—in Ethiopia, Spain, Czechoslovakia, and now Finland. The procedure, even down to the faked frontier incidents, is always much the same, suggesting the fable of the wolf and the lamb. Now this is a most unfortunate comparison, and I have always regretted that Aesop did not choose a less innocent victim. Few countries are in the least lamb-like, certainly none of the four which I have just mentioned. The Ethiopians were only just emerging from the feudal state, they were very "tough" and their habits not always pleasant. The Spanish Government was easy to criticise, though more for sins of omission than commission. The Czechoslovak Government had failed in twenty years to solve a minority question of the type which England tried ineffectually to cure for over a century. Finland, as an independent State, was evolved in blood and tears some twenty years ago. Its freedom was a side issue in the 1914 war, just as her transference to Russia had been a side issue in the Napoleonic wars. The Finns have, however, a fundamental sanity and moderation, besides an intense pride in themselves, and these virtues have enabled them to evolve a very remarkable civilisation in their difficult and barren land. They do not seem to need apologists.

It is impossible to understand Finland without constantly remembering certain facts which Mr. Pritt constantly forgets. Two-thirds of the men and women in this country are farming or lumbering. The population of three and a half million is almost entirely Lutheran, and their priests tend to be Puritan and authoritarian. Every middle-aged man and woman remembers the long period of Russian repression, which lasted roughly from 1898 to 1916. It is only thirty-five years ago that General Bobrikov was shot, and afterwards Stolypin was a name almost equally detested. Opposition to Russia was the hammer which welded the Finns together.

The unhappy cleavage of 1918 was not just a struggle between rich and poor. Mannerheim could not possibly have won if he had not had the support of the hard-headed, individualistic and Puritan peasants who could see as little virtue in an atheist Russia which collectivised farms as they had in the old Russia of the Tsars. The help sent from Germany was spasmodic and limited, and fortunately for Finland Germany was soon a defeated Power. The civil war partook, therefore, of that division between peasant and town worker which has cropped up all over Eastern Europe. It was extremely bitter when I was in Moscow in 1923, and has only been liquidated by the Russian Government by mass executions,

with the details of which Finland is better acquainted than England. I suppose that Mr. Pritt, like Sir Stafford Cripps on Ethiopia, would class peasant and plutocrat together as capitalists. Perhaps they are right, but I have seen Finland in summer and winter, and have some idea of the work and endurance required to wrest a living from that soil. It is, I think, time that our two jolly K.C.s developed a sense of humour.

Finland has always shown a remarkable genius for dealing with its various cleavages. There is more sex equality than in any country I have ever known, and this sensible relationship dates back to Tsarist days, when Finland was the first to give women votes and admit them to the Diet. The difference between the professions and manual labour has been eased by a real system of equal educational opportunity, and by a refusal to allow the various professional and business "rackets" which go on in England. Civil servants and lawyers receive about a fifth of what they would get in England, and there are hardly ten business men in Finland who would be reckoned wealthy in London. The bitterness of the civil war was eased by the effective amnesty. Very few who went to Russia after 1918 have remained there. A man like Aaltonen, the Labour leader, is far more typical than Kuusinen. The former, who had been far more prominent on the Russian side, soon found his way back to Finland, and after living for a time under an assumed name he was included in the general amnesty. Another cleavage was between Swedish-speaking and Finnish-speaking Finns, but this dispute, vocal and sometimes bitter, has been dissolved by the Finnish genius for compromise.

Both the fighting on land and the bombing of towns and villages are severer and more intensive than in Spain. I find, however, that in some ways the atmosphere is pleasanter. Although the Spanish Government had the support of the great majority in Eastern Spain, there must have been at least 20 per cent. of the population hostile to them in the large towns. These were riddled by spying and counter-spying, and the inevitable tragedies of a struggle which was partly a civil war. Of this I find no trace in Finland. The Russian invasion has closed all ranks.

I have met a number of "Left-wing" politicians—some from the Social Democrats with their eighty members of the Diet's two hundred, some from the trade union movement, and a few Communists. I am convinced that the little group of recusant Finns who remained in exile after 1918 represent nothing but a totally insignificant minority in Finland. As in Spain, there seem to be some amongst the Communists who were attracted to this creed as a theory, but not as a Russian practice. Distance lends enchantment, and these near neighbours have no illusions about Russian administration.

The Finns are not fond of oratory and demonstrations. Nazi and Bolshevist showmanship leaves them cold. This may help to explain the curious events of 1930 to 1932. The Lapua movement was only important so long as many Bothnian peasants believed that some urban Communists were trying to introduce Russian methods and the collectivisation of farms. As soon as they and their pastors were satisfied about this danger they lost all interest in the extravagances of that cheerful adventurer Wallenius, who retired to run a fishery business. On the other hand, I found the greatest respect for General Mannerheim in circles where I least expected it. This is partly because he is a national figure-head like President Hindenburg in the later 'twenties, while the Finns also recognise a mellowing and broadening of outlook as he has grown older.

I feel constrained to write in this manner because I find that the same kind of propaganda is being levelled against the Finns as against every victim of aggression. It may come from the other political side, but it is equally irresponsible. I have been shown Mr. Pritt's last book in which he talks about "large-scale arrests of civilians" and draws a still more imaginary picture of "the Finnish army in retreat burning all the Finnish villages, and taking the inhabitants along with them as if they feared the results of the slightest contact between the population and either the Soviet army or the army of the new Finnish Republic." Making "suggestions" without any real evidence is a bad forensic habit, to which our courts allow too much latitude. I can find no evidence for large-scale arrests apart from the rounding-up of certain Russian subjects. The Finnish army has done remarkably little retiring, but as in any country at war the villages immediately behind the lines have been evacuated, and the peasants billeted in various villages outside the danger zone. The army of the new Finnish Republic exists in Mr. Pritt's fertile imagination. There are, of course, some thousands of Russian subjects who are racially Finns, but have lived for generations east of the frontier. Some of these may be, and are probably, in the Soviet army, but I doubt if Kuusinen's little group of expatriated Communists could raise a platoon.

Finland represents something very definite and individual in Europe. Its small population has succeeded in the last twenty years in making distinctive contributions to every branch of civilised life. Its standards of life, of education, of achievements in the arts, science and in athletics are all far higher than in Russia, which should, on a population basis, have contributed fifty times as much. Finland had developed a very sane form of self-government, and such anomalies as the survival of the Civic Guard were rapidly becoming unimportant. In the latter days the Civic Guard was little more than a glorified boy scout movement, drawing its personnel mostly from the peasants. The Social Democrats have now completely come to terms with it, and are encouraging their young members to join it. It seems to me just as much a tragedy that this sane and decent community should be swallowed up into a country which they detest, as that Ethiopia should be made a slave State of Italy, as that a liberal Spanish Government should be overthrown by Italy and Germany, or as that the sturdy free-thinking Czechs should be *gleichgeschaltet* under the heavy foot of Nazi Germany.

G. T. GARRATT

A LONDON DIARY

THE case of young Solf, who was arrested for photographing a crashed aeroplane, is curious. From a study of the full report of the police proceedings in the *Oxford Times*, I am sure that he was not spying; he was probably careless from a certainty that he was above suspicion, having been guaranteed by Sir Horace Rumbold among others. Solf's father remained a Secretary of State when the Socialists came to power in 1918 and was later Ambassador in Tokio. He is one of a number of young German Conservatives who stayed in Britain when war was declared, rightly confident that as "gentlemen" they would be well treated. It is precisely these circles who so seriously misled the British public about "moderates" in Germany, both before and after the outbreak of war. But such activities are not apparently considered political and such German nationalists are readily given C licences. Contrast the cross-examination to which R. R. Kutczynski, the well-known population-expert, who is now lecturing at the London School of Economics, and his son, J. P. Kutczynski, an economist and author of that admirable pamphlet, *Freedom Calling* (Muller, 6*d*.) were subjected at one of the Hampstead tribunals. I cannot understand why R. R. Kutczynski could ever have come under suspicion at all, as he is a researcher with a world-wide reputation, and has never had any connections with a political party. But the judge seemed to find grounds for suspicion even in his trips to America and asked him, to the old man's surprise, whether he had any connection with an espionage system in Bloomsbury House! Finally, in summing up his case, the judge remarked "I am not going to intern you *to-day*," and in granting his wife a "B" certificate stated that the ground was that she was living under the subversive influence of her husband. When her husband protested and reminded the judge that he was teaching at the London School of Economics, the judge replied ominously, "I know all about

the London School of Economics." J. Kutczynski was subjected to an even severer cross-examination. It seemed to be held against him that he had written *Hunger and Work* and *Freedom Calling*, although the Ministry of Information has given the latter pamphlet its blessing. Further questions on the part of the judge included, "Do you know P. R. Doot?", the judge's peculiar way of describing Palme Dutt, and "Were you approached by the Stepney Peace Council to do some work for them?" He was also pestered about the mysterious espionage system in Bloomsbury House, and when he replied that he had no connection with it, the judge added "That doesn't answer the question, you might be connected with someone who was connected with the espionage system." The result of this remarkable examination was a "B" licence for the elder and internment for the younger Kutczynski. The judge seemed suspicious of any trace of anti-Nazi political activity, though it is remarkable that no suggestion whatsoever was made that any of the "criminals" had acted for the Nazis. Indeed, it almost looks as though it would have counted in their favour if they had!

* * *

Reading of the celebrations in Hungary on the occasion of the completion of twenty years of Admiral Horthy's regency conjures up a vivid memory in my mind. It is about six years since I was one of a group of Englishmen who were presented to the Admiral in his palace. Wearing the uniform of an admiral of the Austrian navy, this Regent of a land-locked country received us with all the formality of old-fashioned royalty. We stood in a circle. He entered and shook hands all round. A few polite words and we were dismissed. We were more fully entertained on other occasions. Budapest seemed to me a remnant not of a pre-1914 period but of a pre-French Revolution Europe. There was a wonderful party with halberdiers in the most marvellous leopard-skin uniforms. There were cardinals in their scarlet and bishops in purple, decorations, magnificent uniforms and exquisitely dressed women. In the day on the one side of the river there was a gay and brilliant society; one discovered on inquiry that it was keeping up a brave appearance on a very small income. This charming and hospitable aristocracy was like the French courtiers of the eighteenth century. They had become a pretty excrescence on the top of a State whose financial and economic system was hollow. All the upper class, as General Gambös told us, competed for Civil Service posts for their sons. But there was only a minute trading and middle class, and a peasantry, living, as I saw with my own eyes, in broken-down huts and still paid in the feudal manner partly in grain or vegetables. Outside Budapest I visited a great mud plain on which were dumped down something which looked like toolsheds or chickenhuts, in which thousands of unemployed paupers lived without any visible way of doing so, except by opening taxi doors at the theatre, begging or by searching the sewers for forgotten trifles. I wonder if they are still there? Hungary was an extraordinary survival, beautiful and generous to the visitor, but really nothing except a facade.

* * *

I have had a most interesting conversation with Sir Richard Acland about the response he has met to his Penguin Special *Unser Kampf*. It is an unusual book in every way, startling from an M.P. of Sir Richard's Liberal antecedents. It is a bold restatement of the moral case for Socialism as against the conventional arguments for the propertied system. It springs from the tradition of Ruskin and Tawney. It ends with an appeal to those who believe in the necessity and practicability of a moral and social regeneration to communicate with Sir Richard. He tells me that he has so far received about 800 letters from people of all social grades. Only three letters protest against his desertion of private enterprise; two of these come from students of the London School of Economics. Members of the Communist Party of course disagree, but say that they can bear to read him though he repudiates the Party line. An ex-officer of a Conservative Association writes to say that he is sending copies round to all the other Conservative officials in his area, and a group of 33 working men write to enclose a resolution supporting his book and promising to circulate it amongst their comrades. Two themes run through the letters; the first is "I never took any interest in politics before, but . . ." and the second, "I used to be a Labour supporter, but now . . ." The common fact in the letters is a desire for creative action. This is what one would have expected. It is both a hopeful and a dangerous sign. Impatience with party politics and a desire for a new gospel may lead, if misdirected, to the most dangerous irrationalism; equally it offers the opportunity for a democratic revival.

* * *

The evacuation bus was standing in the little market square. A group of women and children were talking and laughing on the pavement. I fell into conversation with the bus driver and an official who seemed to be in charge of the local evacuees. No, he said, the children didn't want to go back. They were wonderfully better physically in the country. They went to the council schools in the mornings and had lessons in the local hall in the afternoons and there was some form of entertainment for them every night. "It is all right for them," said the driver, "but what about the children back in London? They are turning into proper little 'ooligans with no schooling or discipline or anything. I saw a bunch of them the other day with pockets full of stones. They were going all down the street smashing milk bottles on the steps of the houses. Something ought to be done about it."

* * *

Something certainly ought. There is to be compulsory education again, one hears, before next autumn, and there are all sorts of difficulties. London education is, I gather, getting itself reorganised. There was the problem of Mr. Morrison's fire brigades housed in London schools; there is the Home Office insistence that, as a condition of opening a school, an air-raid shelter must be constructed beneath it. I agree that shelters ought to be there, but I would not let them hold up the opening of schools. Against this must be put the report of teachers that after the prolonged holiday many of the children seem to have forgotten almost everything they had learnt at school. In fact, the job of organisation is the more difficult because it involves the Ministry of Health and the Home Office as well as the Board of Education. There are certain factors to put on the other side. Evacuation has created difficulties but it has taught us something, and it has had the incidentally good result of greatly improving the health of our town proletariat. Lord Horder has been making some interesting remarks about the lessons learnt during the first six months of the war. He says, quite truly, that war has at least the advantage of accelerating changes, and that some of them may be good. Upsetting social services may lead to their more sensible reorganisation. He urges that we must keep "holiday camps" and "holiday villages" for children as a permanent part of our national organisation, that many people have learnt for the first time what slum life is like and that there is a new interest in problems of food and the realisation of our shocking national habit of food wastage. He says that even crusted Tories have begun to discover the need for family allowances and family endowment. "During the war," he says, "society has become less of a crowd and much more a vast number of individuals, each one of whom can take his or her place in the struggle—proudly, keenly and with a daily increasing efficiency." After the war this idea of service must not be allowed to die, because it will be the social service and not military service that will be of importance.

* * *

Mrs. Ayrton Gould's broadcast on Monday night was one of the most effective and moving since the beginning of the war. Considered as propaganda I think it was better than Mr. Churchill's speeches. For most of us react against Mr. Churchill even when we laugh with him and applaud his

courage and buoyancy. The suspicion that he may be rather enjoying his terrific job puts one off. Mrs. Gould, by way of a contrast, is obviously at heart a pacifist as her husband was. You could feel through her simple speech how bitterly she loathed war. One knew that she had been through the same mental conflict that one had been through oneself, and one knew, when she read a letter from a German woman speaking of what life was like under perpetual terror, that Mrs. Gould had only with difficulty brought herself to say that we had to see the war through, not for the sake of Empire or indeed for any grandiose ideal, but simply because the alternative seemed to her Nazi rule in Britain. I do not myself believe that our best security lies in war to "the bitter end." But that we cannot leave off except on conditions that give a reasonable security to Western Europe does seem to me sufficiently obvious.

* * *

In the middle of an eloquent leader about France in Thursday's *Times*, the merits of French cooking were symbolised by a reference to one dish, *blini au caviare*, which is as specifically Russian as *borsch* or *kvass*. Can this sentence have been interpolated by the Hidden Hand of Stalin?

* * *

In a railway carriage three travellers—a clergyman, an R.A.F. officer and a mild little civilian. The clergyman held forth on the sub-human quality of the Germans; they must be reduced to pulp. The R.A.F. man disagreed. Having fought in the last war and known many Germans he thought them rather like ourselves. Anyway, he said, war was a damned silly way of settling a dispute. . . . The little man in the corner said: "Gentlemen, may I suggest that you ought to change uniforms?"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to F. Raine.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Mrs. McCorquodale is the only woman I know to wear the first tooth of her eldest child (an attractive daughter with the unusual name of Raine) set in diamonds on her bracelet.—*Daily Sketch.*

In helping to stimulate gold production the South African authorities might remember that this war is, in one of its minor objectives, a war to make the world safe for the gold standard.—*News Chronicle.*

In contrast is Mr. Foley's portrait of Capt. Langsdorf of the *Graf Spee*: "A man of medium height, clean shaven, smart looking, with a sort of sad look in his eyes. You could see at a glance that he was an officer and a gentleman, and we all agreed that he could not possibly be a Prussian. He was wearing an Iron Cross on his tunic. As Mr. Underwood, the *Doric Star's* cook, once remarked: 'The fellow looks so decent he might almost be British.'"—*Daily Telegraph and Morning Post.*

Ian Coster writes about films, and a column of his own. If you wish to know the success of his film criticisms you should count the advertisements at the side of his articles. They are more extensive than the film advertisements in any other newspaper.—Michael Foot, writing of the *Evening Standard* in the *Daily Express.*

Summoned at Old Street to-day for non-payment of 15*s.* 8*d.* income tax, W. J. Clayfield, of Harringay, London, was asked by the Clerk if he admitted owing that amount.

Clayfield: Yes, 75 per cent. of the original amount.

The Magistrate (Mr. Herbert Metcalfe): What are you talking about?

Clayfield: I refuse to pay 75 per cent. on the ground that that amount is used for the murder of human beings. Those who want wars must pay for them.

The Magistrate: What you need is a jolly good hiding. Horrible beast!—*Birmingham Mail.*

Mr. A. R. Phern applied for permission to show a film entitled *The Sun Never Sets*, a story of the British Empire, at the Scala Cinema, Dawlish, on Good Friday evening. Mr. A. Payne said the film had been specially picked for the occasion. The application was granted.—*Dawlish Gazette.*

THAT GERMANY

Birmingham and Munich

The war broke out because England found it intolerable that a great land Power should make itself immune against her attacks; that is why the conflict with England became inevitable, for it is our war aim to destroy a situation in which England can threaten us with a hunger war every twenty years. Our purpose is to make an end of the eternal threat to Europe caused by the British doctrine of selfishness. Mr. Chamberlain need have no anxiety whether we understand the task before us. In his Birmingham speech he displayed an insularity which is really astonishing. A British statesman who still believes that the German people can be used as the first step for the preparation of a new 1918 lives miles away from us and from contemporary events. If that is the hope of the English it can only strengthen German confidence in victory. Clearly the British rely on everything except themselves. "Others must come and must help us," so runs another passage of Chamberlain's speech, where he concerns himself with the neutrals, who are invited to collaborate in the building of a new Europe, which shall arise from the enlargement of the Anglo-French alliance . . . . Chamberlain declares that the German war aim is the destruction of the British nation and of her Empire. It may be that the British nation will destroy itself and its people's strength in this second great war . . . . But world empire has never been a German aim. On the contrary, our aim is the emancipation of the Continent from the attacks of a sea Power upon a sphere of influence which really does not belong to her. We are fighting for our freedom in our living space; the English for a quiet and comfortable style of life, which depends upon domination and less and less upon their own work. This is the tremendous difference disclosed in the two speeches of Birmingham and Munich.—*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, February 27th, 1940.

Germany and the Blockade

(Graf von Pückler writes) . . . Everything which is said in England about aggression on the one hand, and on the other about the possibilities of international understanding, makes nonsense so long as England is determined to retain the power to blockade Germany by means of her naval superiority and financial strength. So long as England is determined to keep in her hold Germany's life-line, there can be no international understanding. For understanding is only possible between free peoples. There can be no talk of Germany's freedom so long as there is a shadow of a possibility of a successful British blockade against Germany . . . . It is astonishing that under these conditions anybody can doubt Germany's determination to defend herself against the British threat. To describe everything done by Germany in order to weaken the blockade, both before and after the outbreak of war, as aggression shows either ignorance or mere hypocrisy . . . . If it has been German policy to reduce our trade overseas and to prefer the expensive products of the home market to the cheaper products of rich and thinly populated countries overseas, this decision has been taken not from ascetic ideals or because of some perverse philosophy; it has been taken because there was no other alternative if Germany was not to become a dependency of Britain. This and this alone is the reason for all those German measures which, as we know well, disturbed world trade—in itself an estimable thing—and so, alas, damaged many third parties as well . . . . Fundamentally, the reason for all this is the British blockade; and order can only be restored in the world if England either voluntarily surrenders this weapon or if it is taken from her by force . . . . No weapon has ever been forged more dangerous to the freedom and independence of commercial nations than a fleet designed to maintain supremacy at sea.—*Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, February 25th, 1940.

Russian-German Relations

Berlin University is now opening a department of Soviet Studies. It will be run by Professor Achmeteli, a Caucasian by birth. Students whose intention it is to work later in the Soviet Union will have the opportunity here to inform themselves about Russian conditions. Not only population problems, economics and ethnography, but also cultural problems of the Soviet Union will be studied in lectures and seminars. A library of 120,000 books and of newspapers is being established. Later an exchange of Berlin students and students from the Russian Technical Colleges is to be developed, and also an exchange of the teaching staffs. In the middle of April the first exhibition of Soviet art will be opened in Berlin, simultaneously with one of German art in Moscow. The Russian Commissar, Molotov, has agreed to be the patron of the latter.—*National Zeitung*, Basel, February 29th, 1940.

A NEW CHARTER FOR AGRICULTURAL WORKERS?

THE announcement by the Government that they intend to introduce almost at once an Agricultural Wages' Board Bill means the triumph of nearly twenty years agitation by the representatives of the agricultural workers.

In 1921, when the Agricultural Act was repealed, the Agricultural Wages Board was abolished at the same time. This Board had functioned during the war from the end of 1917. In the short period of it's existence, less than four years, it revolutionised the whole of the working conditions in agriculture. It is doubtful whether, in any industry, have such wide-sweeping and beneficent changes been made in such a short time. When the Wages Board started it was the first time in the history of Agriculture in England and Wales that the employers and workers had met together round the same table to discuss in a thoroughly business-like and friendly way matters of common interest to both sides. This original Wages Board had a difficult task in the first case to clear away suspicions and misunderstandings. It had to get both sides to understand each others difficulties and points of view. Negotiations of any kind on a National scale was something new in agriculture. The success of the Board at the beginning and, indeed, right through its existence was due in a large measure to the fact that both farmers and farmworkers were represented by men of undoubted ability and good will. The outstanding personalities of the Board were, however, the Chairman, Sir Ailwyn Fellowes (later Lord Ailwyn) and the Vice-Chairman, Sir Henry Rew. They were a well-matched pair. It was largely because of their knowledge and understanding of the problems of Agriculture, coupled with their tact, their sympathy and friendliness with all, that the initial difficulties were overcome. The staff of civil servants were keen and enthusiastic. With these advantages the fixing and regulating of agricultural wages by legal enactment was commenced and carried into successful operation. Prior to the Wages' Board working conditions in agriculture were in a state of utter chaos and confusion.

The Wages Board not only dealt with wages but with hours of labour and many other matters. The regulation of hours, because of the peculiarities of the industry was an extremely difficult though, not by any means, an impossible task. This also had never before been attempted in England or Wales. Gradually however the varied and chaotic conditions were reduced to a reasonable system. Before the existence of the Wages' Board it was the custom in nearly all parts of the country to pay part of the workers wages in kind. Looking back to that time it is almost unbelievable the various things that were then considered proper and suitable to pay as part of the very small wages of those days—things such as Cider, Beer, Wood, etc., besides much more beneficial commodities like Milk, Potatoes, Bacon and so on. The Wages' Board swept most of these away and made it illegal to pay any wages in kind unless recommended by the County Wages' Committee. This made one of the greatest transformations for good that has ever been made in the history of the agricultural workers. Neither employers nor workers would ever dream now of going back to the old iniquitous truck system. Though not strictly within its province, the Wages' Board initiated in a curious way what was then unheard of, a weekly half-holiday. This happily is now almost universal throughout the country. The Wages' Board fixed the value of "tied" cottages and limited the amount of money that could be deducted from wages for their occupation. These things indicate some of the most important and amazing changes and improvements which the old Wages' Board brought into existence. It gave a new status and a new freedom to the Agricultural workers. It gave them a great new measure of self-respect.

Then suddenly, without any warning, the Wages' Board was abolished in 1921 by the Coalition Government. The abolition came like a bolt from the blue. It was a terrible blow to the agricultural workers. They were at once left without any legal protection. Wages fell catastrophically until, in many counties, they reached a level almost as low as pre-1914. This state of wretchedness continued until 1924 when we had the first Labour Government, and although this Government lasted less than a year it still found time to re-establish the Agricultural Wages' Board system. Unfortunately, when the Bill was going through Parliament, a combination of Liberal and Conservative Members led by the late Sir Francis Acland, robbed the National Wages' Board of any power to fix or regulate wages, with the result that, from that date down to the present time, wages have been regulated in a small country like ours by no less than forty-seven separate and distinct Wages' Committees. Each of these Committees have fixed wages without any co-operation or any relation to the wages fixed by any of the other Committees. The workers have always opposed this ridiculous system. It rapidly became a positive absurdity. There is no other trade or industry in the country in which this lunatic way of doing things would have been tolerated for a single month by either workers or employers. Hardly any two counties throughout the country, even where they are contiguous, have the same rates of wages or hours or working conditions for the same class of workers. Nobody outside the industry of agriculture would credit the amount of difference and anomalies which exist. Now we understand that all this is to be changed and that, as in other industries, a national minimum wage will be fixed by a National Wages' Board and no county will be allowed to pay less. The value of the new Board, however, will be determined by the conditions attached to it. The Government have a great opportunity to end once and for all the monstrous injustice of agricultural workers being placed in a position of inferiority in comparison with other workers in the regulation of their wages and working conditions. It has been a long and painful struggle on the part of the agricultural workers to shake off the shackles of feudalism. The Government have been very timid since the war in handling agricultural problems. It will be tragic if, in dealing with this question, they fail to rise to the occasion and see that the agricultural workers are given a status of complete equality with the skilled workers in other industries. The Act must be permanent and, under no circumstances, must we have a repetition of the 1921 repeal. The nation itself has a responsibility in this and other agricultural matters, and some measure of stability must be given to the industry. Now is the opportune time to deal justly with the people who produce our food.

GEORGE DALLAS

IN PRAISE OF SOAP

I HAD a letter of protest the other day from a small girl to whom a grown-up relative had read a passage I had written in praise of soap. I wish I had not mislaid the letter as I should have liked to quote it. My young correspondent was stirred to particular indignation by something that I had said—I forget in what context—to the effect that soap is more indispensable to our happiness than sausages, and the vehemence with which she disagreed with me lent vigour to her prose. She frankly hates soap, and believes that all children worthy of the name share her hostility. And she challenged me to say whether I myself, when I possessed the wisdom of a child, had that affection for soap that I profess to-day.

It is difficult to be sure what our feelings about soap were in the nursery. I do not think I hated soap in itself: I hated only the excessive love of it in my elders, and the tyranny with which they would compel children who had already washed to go back and wash over again. Few children object to a slap-dash sort of cleanliness; but they resent the finicking inquisitiveness of nurses who discover dirt where there is no dirt and want to turn them out looking like prize pupils in a Sunday-school. Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but over-cleanliness is a vexation to the soul. Hatred of soap in childhood is often, I fancy, the outcome of a love of freedom.

The soap-hating child is a revolutionary. There have been revolutionaries who retained this infant detestation of soap till the end of their lives.

How strange it is, however, that even in this age of soap-worship, soap is so seldom used as a symbol of anything pleasant! The phrase, "soft soap," does not suggest to us exquisite cleanliness but a rather contemptible kind of flattery. A famous English bishop was called "Soapy Sam," and the name was not meant to be a compliment. No great poet has written in praise of soap, one of the most beneficent inventions of all time. Novelists do not enthusiastically draw attention to the well-soaped faces of their heroines, nor do they write of a dandy: "His hands were beautifully clean, as was to be expected in one who used soap so lovingly." Many women have written ecstatically of "immaculate shirt-fronts," but, so far as I know, none has thought her hero's immaculate hands worth mentioning. The truth is that we notice dirt much more sharply than we notice cleanliness. What a song we make about a few grimy evacuees! But, when a spotless evacuee turns up, who thinks of writing to the *Times* about it? Soap, it seems to me, does not get what is called a square deal.

Perhaps, in our subconsciousness, we are a little disgusted by it. Even though it helps to make us clean, we half remember its fatty origin, and how many natural human beings like fat? My encyclopaedia defines soap as "a chemical compound or mixture of chemical compounds resulting from the interaction of fatty oils and fats with alkalis." and it goes on: "In a scientific definition the compounds of fatty acids with basic metallic acids, lime, magnesia, lead oxide, etc., should also be included under soap; but, as these compounds are insoluble in water, while the very essence of soap in its industrial relations is solubility, it is better to speak of the insoluble compounds as 'plasters,' limiting the name 'soap' to the compounds of fatty acids with soda and potash." This, it must be admitted, does not predispose the imagination in favour of soap, that near relation of the plaster. Nor will the aesthete be reassured when he goes on to read: "The general characters of a soap are a certain greasiness to the touch, ready solubility with water, with formation of viscid solutions which in agitation yield a tenacious froth or 'lather,' an indisposition to crystallise, readiness to amalgamate with small proportions of hot water into homogeneous slimes, which on cooling set into jellies or more or less consistent pastes." "A certain greasiness to the touch," "homogeneous slimes"—is it any wonder that sensitive children shrink from dabbling their fingers in such stuff or defiling their faces with it?

If any English child wants a good argument for the avoidance of soap, and if it happens to have a patriotic nurse, it would be well advised to read the history of soap, where it will discover that soap is one of the many dubious things that the world owes to Germany. Pliny, the encyclopaedia tells us, "speaks of two kinds—hard and soft—as used by the Germans. He mentions it as originally a Gallic invention for giving a bright hue to the hair ('rutilandis capillis'). There is reason to believe that soap came to the Romans from Germany." Thus, though it may have been a Gallic invention—which I doubt—it is from Germany that the virus spread. And Germany remains the land of soft soap till the present day, as everyone knows who listens to Dr. Goebbels' endearing lectures to the English workers. It is little wonder that so many English children dislike soap as an enemy product.

It is true that certain references to soap in the Bible suggest that it was known long before the Aryan race was unearthed, and that in this as in other matters, the Jews were ahead of the Germans by some centuries. In the second chapter of *Jeremiah*—I cannot find an ordinary Bible, though there must be twenty in the house, so I quote from Dr. Moffatt's translation—there is a verse which runs: "You may wash yourself with lye and plenty soap, but I see your sin of the deepest dye, says the Lord Eternal." We are told, however, that the soap mentioned by Jeremiah, was not the greasy kind of soap, but that the detergents used in those days were composed of "the ashes of plants and other such purifying agents." Hence there is no valid reason for the English child who hates soap to become an anti-Semite. Apart from this, it should be noted that Jeremiah seems to dislike the people who use soap and to realise that soaping oneself is a form of hypocrisy.

To dislike soap is, of course, not necessarily to dislike cleanliness. I met a schoolboy lately who stoutly maintained that soap merely made one dirty. Some years ago, a retired doctor told me that, on examining a patient one day, he marvelled at the beauty of his skin and asked him what he did to keep it in such wonderful condition. "The secret is simple," said the patient; "I haven't had a bath for twenty years." Evidence equally strong of the good effects of abstinence from washing was given by a correspondent of the *Times* not long ago, who quoted a remark made by a Scottish contemporary about King James I: "His skin was as soft as taffeta sarsnet which felt so because he never washed his hands, only rubbed his fingers' ends slightly with the wet end of a napkin." Alexander the Great was no soap-fiend, yet we are told that his body had a sweet smell. Children who suffer from hydrophobia can make out a fairly good case for themselves.

Even so, I am an advocate of soap. I am so narrow-minded that I can scarcely believe that life was worth living before its invention. How miserable must the morning shave have been without it! I for one count a shave with a new razor-blade among the numerous luxuries that make it worth while getting up in the morning in this disastrous world. As for taking a bath, what exercise is there to be compared with it? Mountaineering? Hurdling? Fox-hunting? Take a warm bath, and you will need none of these things. You will have had all the exercise necessary to health and can spend the rest of the day in a chair. A restless child, I agree, can take its exercise in other ways, but without soap, water and towels middle age will lose half its pleasure.

On the whole, then, I think the modern craze for soap is justified. It has been the chief rejuvenator, I am sure, during the past century. An expert has shown that, as the use of soap goes up, the death-rate goes down. It is not surprising that in Russia, when there was a shortage of ordinary fats, they used the fat of dogs and cats or even of rats to maintain the supply of this precious detergent. At one out-of-the-way place there was a riot because it was reported that children were being collected so that their fat might be used in the soap-factories. This is evidence, not only of the credulity of mankind, but of the indispensability of soap. It is strange that so many children could be so inimical to those homogeneous slimes that are better for them even than cod-liver oil. The old people of my childhood were right, I am afraid: children do not know what is good for them. And they do not care. Let me assure my young correspondent, however, that of all the cakes ever concocted, the most permanently satisfying is a cake of soap.

Y. Y.

Miscellany

HOME

THE King and the Queen were out riding by themselves when they came to a stream. It was too wide for their horses to jump, so the King said to the Queen, "Let us follow this path on the bank until either we find a place narrow enough to jump, or shallow enough for our horses to wade through."

So they followed the path through the tangled woods along the bank. The woods were very thick and very dark; but the King and Queen were used to that, for all their country was dark forests and steep rocks. But the path did not seem to be leading them anywhere at all. It soon left the bank of the stream, and twisted and turned through the thickets until after a while they were properly lost.

"What shall we do now?" said the King.

"Ride on," said the Queen, "until we find somebody to tell us the way."

"We may ride all of a night and a day, and another night and another day, before we find that," said the King: "for there is hardly anybody living in this wood except squirrels; and it is no use asking a squirrel the way."

But they had not ridden very much farther when they came to a very smooth, bare rock, standing up in a small clearing, with bluebells growing round it; and sitting among the bluebells was a very old Chinaman. He sat so still that at first they wondered if he was alive, and the King got off his horse to look. When he peered at the Chinaman close-to, however, he saw that the Chinaman really was alive; and was watching them out of his very narrow eyes.

"Please," said the King politely, "will you tell us the way back to the Palace? We have lost our way."

But the Chinaman did not answer. And no wonder! He has been sitting amongst those bluebells, without moving, for more than a hundred years: and it was so long since he had spoken to anybody that a spider has spun a cobweb over his mouth, right from his nose to his chin.

"I don't think he is very likely to answer us," said the Queen doubtfully.

The spider ran out to the middle of his web, bringing a dried-up fly from his larder, and sat there slowly munching it.

But the King was still watching the Chinaman carefully.

"Look!" he said suddenly. "His hand is moving!"

And so it was. Very slowly and stiffly the Chinaman was lifting his hand. Just in front of him there was a single plant growing that was not a bluebell; and on it was one yellow bud. The Chinaman picked the bud and held it up towards the King. The King watched the bud, and presently saw it begin to open. It opened into a large yellow flower: and in the middle of the flower was a face. It was a young, very beautiful face, both fresh and sad; and suddenly it spoke in a clear, faint voice:

"You will never go back to the Palace," it said.

That was all: for while they were still watching, the beautiful little young face in the flower began to grow old, like an old woman's face: and the flower began to fade, and all its petals dropped off on to the ground. The face shrivelled up and went brown; and the flower dried up and turned to a seed-box, and then the seed-box burst open and scattered seeds all over the ground.

"It must have taken more than a week for that to happen," said the King.

"It must have taken a lifetime," said the Queen,

"But if we are never to go back to the Palace," said the King, "I wonder where we shall go?"

The Chinaman dropped the withered stalk on the ground, and still moving his hand in a slow and jerky way he took out of the folds of his robe a piece of chalk, and drew a large window on the smooth rock that stood in the middle of the clearing. Through the window you could see a very different country; a country of rich green fields and wide, winding rivers; with blue sky, and white roads, and yellow corn-stacks. Then the Chinaman fumbled for the catch of the window and opened it.

"He means us to go to that country," said the King.

"We can't go dressed like this," said the Queen; "For we are not Queen and King there."

So the King and Queen took off their royal robes and laid them over the saddles of their horses: and the horses quietly trotted away into the dark wood.

Beside the Chinaman there was a pile of rough clothes such as farmers wear, and these the King and Queen put on. The King cocked his leg over the window-sill.

"Here goes!" he said, and slipped over into the country on the other side, and the Queen followed him.

They found themselves in a smooth, sheep-cropped meadow which smelt of cowslips and wild thyme. They walked across it hand in hand, till they came to a little lane. The lane was deep between banks in places, banks covered with more primroses than you have ever seen; and then farther on it went between green hedges, with gaps through which they saw more green fields.

"I have never been here before," said the Queen, "of that I am certain," as they walked down the lane.

Presently the lane led into the yard of a little farm, and the farm dog came out barking furiously. But when he saw the King and Queen he stopped barking, and wagged his tail as if he was glad to see them, and jumped round them friskily.

"I think he means we should go in here," said the King as he opened the latch of the little gate that led into the front garden of the farmhouse.

There was a servant-girl at the front door dressed ready to go out.

"Oh, so you are here at last," she said to the King and Queen. "I'll go now." She went away down the path, and the King and Queen walked into the farmhouse kitchen.

There were three little children sitting on the floor in front of the fire, toasting their bare toes; but as the King and Queen came in they jumped up and ran to them.

"Oh, Daddy!" they said. "Oh, Mummy! How glad we are you are back!"

The Queen sat down in the big armchair, and took one of them on her knee.

"Yes, my dears," she said, "and we are glad to be back too."

But at the same time she knew for certain she had never seen them before; and she had not the slightest idea of their names.

RICHARD HUGHES

EQUAL SACRIFICE

WHEN Britain tightens up the belt
The selfsame gentle squeeze is felt
By every rank and class.
Magnates who quaffed choice wines at meals
And swam through Scotch to business deals
Now take a modest glass.

The daughter of a line of earls
Peels off her diamonds and pearls
And parks them on the sink;
Then trilling patriotic airs
His Lordship's rationed scraps prepares,
And washes up in mink.

The British working housewife too,
Is rationed like the well-to-do
For everybody's good,
While owing to controlled supply
There's not so much for her to buy—
Supposing that she could.

All, answering old England's call,
Make equal sacrifice for all
And bear it with a grin—
And with increasing cheerfulness
Do more and more on less and less—
And that's how we shall win.

SAGITTARIUS

JOHN PIPER AND KATHARINE CHURCH

MR. JOHN PIPER has an exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. His art is like one of those bowls of bulbs that one has watched with hope, then with impatience, and finally with discouragement, till suddenly splendid curly hyacinths exuberate into colour and scent. For years he submitted himself to the ascetic discipline of abstract painting; now he emerges as a natural romantic, with affinities to the early nineteenth-century enthusiasts for the picturesque. The technique he acquired from long practice in abstraction is manifest in the logic with

which he plans his pictures, in his startling colour arrangements, above all in his variety and delicacy of texture. Sometimes in his water-colours he gives the details of his subject with the exact accountancy of a Girtin, occasionally he uses a natural landscape merely as a repertory of forms with which to make a pattern. In most of his oil-paintings he uses the facts about the shapes of a building or a set of buildings, but alters the colours to satisfy his imagination. (Mr. Frank Coombs, a painter who too rarely exhibits, has long been using, though differently, a similar method.) One of Mr. Piper's best pictures is his view of Holkham: he has placed the monumental pillar where he wants it, instead of where he found it, and has given the scene a burnished brilliance of colour not found in Nature, but the Palladian magnificence is very justly expressed. Another admirable instance is the Savernake lodge, where the subject is "amusing," not beautiful, and the idiosyncrasies of the ornament are carefully observed, while the texture and colour are elegantly unnaturalistic. What I particularly enjoy in Mr. Piper's pictures is that he is at once interested in conveying the character of his subject and in making an object. (Most contemporary painters concentrate on only one or other of these aims.) The Brighton Pavilion is made fabulous as a Coleridge dream; and, more difficult, in *A Simmonds House, Windsor*, an interesting Victorian building is given a visionary beauty. In some of his watercolours Mr. Piper follows very skilfully the English tradition—there is an admirable drawing of an Adam arch at Hafod, and another of Lidlington Church, complete with Regency pews, which is tumbling into ruin. (If the S.P.A.B. allows this to happen, it will deserve to be known as the Society for Protection of Ancient Barns). *Italian and Gothic* is a fine example of Mr. Piper's ingenuity in treating fantastic subjects. With this exhibition he establishes himself as a most accomplished, thoughtful and imaginative painter.

Also at the Leicester Galleries is a collection of paintings by Mr. Henry Lamb. His persistent conjunction of yellows and mauves make his pictures difficult for me to enjoy, but I admire some works, like 1, 2 and 8, in which he manages a happier colour arrangement. His portrait of Lord David Cecil and Mr. Desmond MacCarthy are startling likenesses, and yet, specially in the latter, I feel that he has given the facts without the truth. The eyes are cunning instead of witty, the mouth suggests humbug instead of geniality. This is not Mr. MacCarthy, but a third-rate actor made up to impersonate him.

Miss Ethel Walker and Miss Katharine Church have a room apiece at the Lefevre. A picture by Miss Walker in a mixed show almost always stands out: she is, in the best sense, one of the most professional painters in this country. But, as one has noticed before, a roomful of her pictures makes a disappointing effect. She is too easily content to repeat her performance, to turn out almost automatically yet another bunch of flowers or shimmering sea. The execution remains always excellent, but too often Miss Walker seems to be painting not because she has anything to communicate, but just because it is her profession to paint. All painters must do this, but it is not often wise to exhibit the results. In her new collection two particularly happy pictures are *White Roses* and *Stormy Weather*.

Miss Katharine Church, since her last exhibition, has developed most remarkably. A rather aggressive masculinity has disappeared, and she now establishes herself as one of the most accomplished of the younger painters. In gouache she has found a medium which suits her much better than oils: she manages it with astonishing dexterity, achieving a variety of calligraphic effects. Her sense of colour has become very sure—the pictures are brighter than nature, but the tones throughout are so related that every object is accurately situated. Thus Miss Church gives us the image of a place not as we should see it, but as we should enjoy seeing it. The specific character of a French church or *Mairie* or railway station is caught as a good portrait-painter catches a likeness, and at the same time there is always a suggestion of drama. *After the Ice-Storm* records imposingly the destruction caused over a large area of England by the cold, which gave woodlands the air of No Man's Land, half the branches splintered, and oaks crumpled as if King Kong had sat on them. In paintings like *Gevrey Chambertin, Anthony in the Salon* and *La Chambre Napoléon*, Miss Church makes a most delightful pattern of colours, but her particular gift is for giving an exciting (not a picturesque) air to quotidian scenes.

Miss Church is most unlike Mr. Piper in temperament and style, but their two exhibitions seem to me significant of a new tendency in contemporary painting. Evidently it was impossible for the younger generation to follow their parents in the pursuit of "Significant Form" or merely plastic values. In some cases the destined reaction has led artists to exploit the merely disquieting, in others to concentrate upon naturalism. The most interesting to me of our younger painters, Mr. Graham Sutherland, has taken something from Samuel Palmer, something from Picasso, and is making personal and exciting pictures by metamorphosing natural scenery into landscapes that have the suggestive power of romantic poetry and music. Mr. Piper and, less evidently, Miss Church can roughly be classified with him. After most profitably going to school in France, English painting in the work of these three artists is reasserting national characteristics.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

WARTIME MUSIC

THE production of *The Barber of Seville* for the first time this season at Sadler's Wells has shown the company to its best advantage. It is an extremely exacting work for the singers, especially the part of Rosina which is written for a coloratura soprano of the first rank. To put the *Barber of Seville* upon the stage without a singer of real technical virtuosity as Rosina would be disastrous, and, unfortunately, it is just singers of this calibre that popular repertory operatic organisations, such as Sadler's Wells, generally find impossible to produce. Luckily, on this occasion, Miss Noël Eadie was available and this made all the difference for Miss Eadie is a thoroughly trained and experienced singer with a truly excellent technique. In fact her performance on the opening night was worthy of any opera house in Europe. Mr. Redvers Llewellyn as Figaro, though not vocally of the same standard, gave on the whole a satisfying performance largely because his acting has a certain agreeable ease and sureness of effect. He does not make the common mistake of over-acting the part. Mr. Arnold Matters as Bartolo and Mr. Ronald Stear as Basilio were both admirable, and I wondered whether Mr. Stear had ever seen Chaliapin in the part of Basilio. Basilio, though a minor part, was one of Chaliapin's favourite roles, and I shall never forget the first time I saw him in this part. His entry in the second act simply took one's breath away. It was the sort of acting which Mr. Gordon Craig has often brilliantly described when writing about Henry Irving. I have heard Mr. Craig say that to watch Henry Irving take off his boots in a scene in that ancient melodrama *The Bells* was to experience the whole gamut of imaginative terror and Chaliapin's first few moments on the stage as Basilio gave one a similarly vivid experience, an experience of something so utterly fantastic and weird as to seem like the entrance of a visitor from another and stranger world.

It might be objected that Chaliapin made so much of this small part as to throw the whole act out of scale by dwarfing the other characters, but this was not the case at all. It is a tribute to the genius of Rossini that this act of his opera was proof against such a terrific incursion of dramatic acting. Actually, Chaliapin's conception of Don Basilio is musically justified, since Rossini has written in the one aria which gives to this character a piece that has never been surpassed, that is the famous slander aria describing how slander grows from the slightest breath, from a mere nothing to a monstrous gigantic cloud, vague in outline but overshadowing everything. If I were asked to give an example of pure imagination in music I would point to this aria. It is the sort of thing that

no mere master of musical technique could ever achieve, and it shows how much greater the part played by nature is than that played by education in the equipment of a composer. The number of schools of music in Europe and America has multiplied enormously since Rossini's day, and in many respects the technical standards have gone up, but has the number of composers of genius increased? An opera like *The Barber of Seville* remains, a hundred years after its composition, still unrivalled.

A word of praise must be given to Miss Edith Coates's performance as Marcellina, and I should like also to express my pleasure over the simple but tasteful setting of the opera. I searched in vain the programme to discover who was responsible for this decor, which was so superior to many other opera settings whose authors have been set down prominently in Sadler's Wells programmes.

The concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society last week was conducted by Felix Weingartner, and drew a very large audience. The programme was characteristic of him, consisting of three items only: the Mozart E flat symphony, Brahms's Variations on a theme of Haydn and Beethoven's A major symphony. The orchestra played well, as it always does under this conductor, who always secures a strictly musical and satisfying performance with the minimum of visible effort on the part of all concerned. This concert was promoted by the London Philharmonic Orchestra "in recognition of the Royal Philharmonic Society's work for music during a period of one hundred and twenty-eight years."

I should like to draw attention to the fact that the next Courtauld Sargent concert takes place on Saturday, March 16th, and includes a new work by Prokoviev, a symphonic poem entitled *Nuits d'Egypte;* also that a series of what are described as Tea-time Concerts are taking place every Thursday at the Queen Mary Hall of the Y.W.C.A. Admission to these concerts can be got for one shilling, and they have interesting programmes. For example, on March 14th that excellent singer, Irene Eisinger, whose performances were one of the virtues of Glyndebourne, is singing arias by Bach and Mozart, and a young Polish pianist, whom I have had occasion to mention before, Maria Donska, is playing works by Beethoven and Schumann.

W. J. TURNER

THE MOVIES

"The Proud Valley," at the Leicester Square Theatre
"Le Voleur de Femmes," at Studio One
"Geronimo," at the Plaza

Mines and mining disasters have become as popular screen material as submarines and suffocation were a few years ago and we can hardly expect that every film about mining will be first-class; but one which features Paul Robeson naturally arouses great expectations. *The Proud Valley* is likely to prove a disappointment to those looking for social significance, an attitude towards mining conditions, an approach to the colour question or even to the mere seeker after entertainment. "It's so much less *morbid* than *The Stars Look Down*," someone was overheard to say at the Trade Show, which actually means that the film has carefully avoided adopting any point of view at all, and has shunned reality like a disease. Paul Robeson plays an unemployed stoker from Cardiff. In search of work he arrives at the mining village of Blaendy, sings in the street, and is given work in the pit so that he can take a part in the village choir at the Eisteddfod. A disaster in the pit kills the man in whose home he lives, closes the mine and reduces the village to penury, which they face with gentility and apparently little inconvenience. The miners are extremely anxious to work, and organise a march on London to entreat the owners to open up the colliery again. On the day that the deputation arrives war breaks out and Sir John (the colliery owner) is only too glad to open the dangerous pit in order to fulfil his Government contracts. Another disaster results from stupid carelessness when the pit reopens, and Paul Robeson sacrifices his life to save his mates. Finally the pit is shown working overtime. It is impossible to comment on Mr. Robeson's performance as he is called upon only to display benign resignation. He is allowed to sing *Deep River* and one or two parts with the choir, but his talents are hardly exploited at all. The rest of the cast is very uneven; Rachel Thomas and Dilys Davies give convincing performances, and Edward Chapman is killed too early in the film; but Simon Lack and Janet Johnson as the young lovers suggest the refinement of a West-End department store rather than the rawness of a mining village. The dialogue is both flat and false ("I like your spirit, lovely," says the young miner to his girl) and the direction and photography uninspired; it is regrettable that coalmining which is excellent cinema material should have been used for a picture such as this.

Le Voleur de Femmes starts a number of hares and catches none of them. Crime, mother fixation, married bliss, the Don Juan complex are all mentioned *en passant*. Jules Berry plays the ex-gaol bird whose astonishing success with women depends on his fundamental contempt for them. He drives a tart to suicide and ensnares a charming widow (Annie Duchaux) while engaged in robbing her uncle. The proceeds of his thefts, including a fur coat belonging to the tart, are meanwhile being handed to his grey-haired old mother, blissfully ignorant of his life of crime. After the widow's marriage to a wealthy business man he unsuccessfully attempts blackmail. A ruined man, he dashes to the convent where his old mother is dying, arrives too late, and collapses with grief and remorse as the film fades out. The structure of this film resembles nothing so much as the cover synopsis of a lengthy and detailed novel; Jules Berry who gives a beautifully conceived portrait of the neurotic, obsessed criminal fills in many of the gaps in the script, but he has neither the time nor the opportunity to knit the story together.

Geronimo is an Apache Indian chief with the *idée fixe* of scalping some five thousand white people. In this design he has all our sympathy, for not only have his wife and four children been shot before his eyes, but also the particular palefaces he is after in this picture deserve a good deal more than scalping. Colonel Steele is appointed by President Grant to lead a force against Geronimo. The colonel has a heart as hard as his name, and in true *Bengal Lancer* tradition is very off-hand with his son, who joins his regiment uninvited. At Camp Grant, the lonely outpost of the expedition, relationships are strained, and Andy Devine as Sneezer the scout, adds to the general boredom by philosophising at great length. For some unspecified reason Steele Junior invites his mother and fiancée to come out and stay at the camp, although Geronimo and practically all the Indians in the United States are on the warpath along the route. The Colonel, melted by the news of his wife's imminent arrival, is just about to put some honey and almond cream on his hands when the news arrives that she has been scalped. The event upsets the Colonel's calculations and instead of staying safely in the camp until reinforcements arrive, he rushes out to attack Geronimo and provides the only excitement of the film—a terrific pitched battle photographed in elaborate detail. Chief Thundercloud plays Geronimo with magnificent dignity; it would be interesting to see him in a less nonsensical film. There are some beautiful panoramas of the Arizona landscape.

ANTHONY BOWER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Murder in the Cathedral," at the Mercury Theatre

Where should *Murder in the Cathedral* be played, if at all? One would say: Not on the stage of any theatre, yet it has been played over a thousand times on many stages, and the emotional intensity of its vision has prevailed over every theatrical obstacle. It is a great experience to see it, and the Mercury is to be congratulated on its revival at a moment when "the darkess declares the glory of light." One can divine the difficulties with which the producer on a small stage has to contend; especially perhaps the absence of certain lighting facilities which would make it possible to indicate different planes of reality. The impact of the Chorus seemed too *real* and personal, though they spoke well. They are nominally Women of Canterbury, but they often have to function on a more generalised plane. The Tempters also are exteriorised from the inner world of S. Thomas, and only function humanly in their later capacity as Knights. How is this distinction to be conveyed? Robert Sansom gave a magnificent rendering of the Martyr. He never forced by one tone the splendid integrity of the poetry, and one cannot imagine a finer rendering of the Christmas Day sermon. This is one of the most moving assertions in drama of the power of the spirit, of victory over the Tempter who says: "Power is present; holiness hereafter."

'No life here is sought for but mine,
And I am not in danger, only near to death.'

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, March 9th—
P.P.U. Meeting, Speakers: Lord Ponsonby, John Middleton Murry and Mary Gamble, Queen's Hall, 3.
SUNDAY, March 10th—
W. B. Curry: "Federal Union: Some Objections Answered," Conway Hall, 11.
MONDAY, March 11th—
Wickham Steed: "Federation or League," Morley College, 6.30.
Basil Matthews: "America Watches Europe," 12 Gt. Newport Street, 7.45.
TUESDAY, March 12th—
F. J. Osborn: "The Barlow Report," Housing Centre, 1.
China Campaign Committee Lunch, Winifred Galbraith: "With the Chinese Guerillas," Young's Restaurant, 180 Wardour Street. Tickets, 2s. 6d. from 34 Victoria Street, S.W.1.
Dr. H. Mannheim: "War and Crime," Canterbury Hall, Cartwright Gardens, W.C.1., 5.
National Peace Council Meeting, Speakers: H. G. Wells, S. de Madariaga, J. Middleton Murry and C. E. M. Joad, Central Hall, 7.30.
"The Star Turns Red," Unity.
"Moonshine," Vaudeville.
"The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," Rudolf Steiner Hall.
WEDNESDAY, March 13th—
Fabian Lunch, K. Zilliacus on Anglo-French Relations, 12 Gt. Newport Street, 1. Tickets, 2s. 6d. from Fabian Soc.
Federal Union Lunch Club, R. D. C. Graham: "The United States of Europe," "The Falstaff," Fleet Street, 1.
"Come Out to Play," Phoenix.
THURSDAY, March 14th—
John Strachey: Banks for the People: 2 Keats Grove, 7.45.
FRIDAY, March 15th—
Fabian Nursery Meeting: "War Aims of the British Government," 11 Dartmouth Street, 6.30.
Lt.-Cdr. E. P. Young: Conversations in Moscow," 98 Gower Street, 7.30.
National Council for Civil Liberties and Artists International Assoc. Leap Year Dance, Westminster Palace Rooms, 8.
"Beyond Compère," Duchess.

Correspondence

THE KEYNES PLAN

SIR,—In the discussions on Mr. Keynes's scheme and similar proposals, there is a tendency to wag an admonitory finger at the working classes and to imply that these schemes have been conceived mainly if not exclusively for their benefit. The process of inflation is analysed to demonstrate how wages lay behind the rise in prices, and how in this way the worker is mulcted of real income. This is supposed to be the chief characteristic of the process and even of the final outcome. Mr. Keynes himself is now arguing that no one benefits but the profiteer. But on a former occasion (see *A Tract on Monetary Reform*) Mr. Keynes pointed out that the "profiteer" was able and constrained to share his windfalls with his workmen, and that the burden fell mainly on the fixed income class. It is this last class which is most vitally concerned that some such scheme as Mr. Keynes's should come into operation, since inflation inflicts on it hardship and expropriation out of all proportion to the sacrifices imposed on the working classes. It is true that the diversion of resources to war purposes may be of such magnitude as to necessitate an absolute reduction in the consumption of the workers, but even in that case finance by inflation would enable the workers, and admittedly the profiteers, to encroach on the consumption of the fixed income class and to secure a larger share than would otherwise be the case. I can imagine a shrewd unscrupulous labour leader watching with complacency the process of inflation, and concerned solely with sitting right on the tail of the cost of living index and reducing the traditional time-lag to a minimum. He could haul up the old-age pensioners with him, since this Government has an uneasy conscience in such matters. Moreover, even if the standard of the workers must be reduced during the war there is the post-war situation to bear in mind. To quote Mr. Keynes again, in the years following the last war, the working classes improved their relative position as against all other classes except that of the profiteers, and in some important cases they improved their absolute position. It can be retorted that subsequently they lost by deflation and the accompanying unemployment, but Mr. Keynes has done more than anyone else to show how this sequel can be avoided. A Labour Government coming into power after the war would find its problems greatly eased if it came in on the crest of an inflation. It would not make the mistake of returning to an earlier monetary standard but would devalue promptly and endeavour to hold the new level of prices.

Its budget problem would be greatly eased by the reduction in the real burden of fixed charges, such as debt interest, and it could fill up the gap with larger social services. It would find the business class similarly relieved by the reduction in the real burden of long-term leases, debenture and preference charges, and prepared to come to terms with labour. I am aware that the previous savings of the workers would be involved in the process, but there is a strong probability that on balance they would secure permanent benefits. The sacrificial goat would be the rentier or his equivalent. I take as an example the position of the Church of England. A perusal of the accounts of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and Queen Anne's Bounty shows that the revenues of the Church are now largely derived from fixed-interest securities, the latest step in the process being the conversion of the tithe-charge into Government stock. The painstaking and prudential financial reforms of a century would be nullified by inflation, and the economic status of the Church would be permanently degraded.

As a person whose remuneration is derived from trust funds, I fervently hope that the Trade Unions will be converted to the policy of Mr. Keynes, but I am sensible enough to realise and gracious enough to acknowledge that I am of the class which stands to benefit most by its adoption as an alternative to inflation. I counsel some of our pundits to modify their lecturing tone to the workers, to summon up a vision of the shrewd countenances of such people as Mr. Ernest Bevin, and to pray fervently that the Trade Union leaders do not come forward with a real programme of equality of sacrifice. Suppose they argued that all property incomes should be not merely blocked but suspended for the duration of the war, on the grounds that full justice would be done if property owners received their property back intact at the end of hostilities. What is the answer? Suppose the principles of siege economics were applied. It would be difficult to reconcile them with advertisements in the best Sunday newspapers for fur coats at 300 guineas.

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As for the post-war capital levy which is to round off Mr. Keynes's scheme, I believe in a fair start for all even in matters of evasion. I therefore prophesy that the slick people will put their capital into diamonds, rare books, *objets d'art* and other forms of wealth which are either easily concealed or greatly undervalued for fiscal purposes. They have been warned—and well in advance.

G. L. SCHWARTZ

London, N.2.

SIR,—The working classes will remain suspicious—and rightly so—that Mr. Keynes is trying to put a " quick one " across them unless the capital levy is imposed simultaneously with the deferred income scheme.

An " undertaking " given by the Government that such a levy to repay the compulsory savings will be enforced after the war is altogether too vague and is also unsatisfactory from an economic point of view. Governments change and promises made by one may be repudiated by its successor; the same undefined " overwhelming objections " to a levy in wartime can be produced (as they were before) when the war is over. On the economic side, when repayment of war loans fall due, two considerations arise: (i) fictitious savings, created by borrowing to relend to the State at (say) ½ per cent. higher interest, rank equally with genuine savings; (ii) the value of money alters.

All three objections, the political and the economic, would be met if a capital levy of an equal total were collected whenever a war loan (compulsory or voluntary) is promoted. This levy would not be expended by the Government on current war needs but would be held by the Treasury as a fund for the repayment of the loan. Clearly it would be taken when money is at the same value as at the time of the loan. The income accruing from the securities or real property surrendered could be offset against the original owners' income tax. What are Mr. Keynes's objections to this proposal?

Without enlarging upon them I would mention three points in Mr. Keynes's arguments that are susceptible of criticism: (i) his *laissez faire* theory of excess profits and incentives; (ii) the stress he lays upon what is taken from the wealthy rather than on what is left to them; (iii) his underestimate, as it appears to the housewife, of the rise in prices which has already taken place.

38 Second Avenue, WM. S. CORMACK
Glasgow, S.4.

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★

CHATTO & WINDUS

" MUST THE WAR SPREAD? "

SIR,—Hunting the agile Mr. Pritt may be good sport, but as the whole Tory pack are after him anyway, it seems, if I may say so with all respect, hardly satisfying as editorial comment on the problem of Finland.

If our object is limited to helping the Finns, what is the most effective way of achieving it? Can the sort of piecemeal aid we are now giving, such as diverting to Finland guns badly needed to arm our own trawlers, do more than prolong the struggle without affecting the ultimate issue?

If we intervene in force and openly make war on Russia, how are we to convey our armies to the Northern front and spare the shipping required to keep them supplied with munitions, food and reinforcements? If we " spread the war " in this way, who is the organising genius on whom we can rely successfully to conduct so hazardous an operation?

Is there no chance that Stalin could be induced, by diplomatic efforts in Moscow, to call off the Finnish war, now that his face has been saved by the capture of Viborg, and return to non-belligerency? If Mr. Pritt's answers to these and similar questions are, as you say, wrong, what, in the view of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, are the right ones? As a regular reader, I should welcome a definite statement of policy.

May I add that I am no less ardently in sympathy with the Finns than with all the other victims of aggression and I have never regarded Stalin as much more than a Nationalist dictator, with as strong a belief in sacred egoism as Mussolini? But if Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax, for their country's good, could bring themselves to dine in Rome with the man who sprayed yperite on defenceless Abyssinians, I can see no reason why someone like Mr. Anthony Eden should not visit the man who bombed Helsinki, for a similar purpose. If we are to assess the comparative " vileness " of dictators by their bombing exploits, General Franco, who is now being actively courted by the British Council, does not show up too well. The total civilian casualties in the Finnish campaign are said to be under 500. By the spring of 1938, Franco's aviation had killed and wounded over 25,000 babies and young children alone. His victims were his own compatriots.

Kingsley, Hants. DOUGLAS GOLDRING

[Several editorials have recently appeared in this journal to argue that though we deplore Stalin's action in Finland, we are opposed to " spreading the war " for just the reasons (among others) given by Mr. Goldring. We urged that every effort should be made to mediate in Finland and that it was vital, if possible, to re-establish relations with the U.S.S.R. The problem that our correspondent seems to overlook is the great difficulty, if there is no mediation and if Stalin's partnership with Hitler develops, of resisting the Nazis without becoming involved with the U.S.S.R. There are unconfirmed rumours of mediation in Finland. We hope they prove real.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—Judging by many signs there would appear to be grave and imminent danger of an extension of the present war with Germany by an attack by the Governments of Britain and France upon Soviet Russia. This we regard with the greatest apprehension. By such action new and quite incalculable risks would be incurred by our country and the British Empire all over the world. A nation of 180 millions would be added to the ranks of our enemies. The largest and one of the most mechanised of modern armies would make a military victory impossible for us.

But it is even more serious that, no matter what errors the Soviet Union may have committed, a very large section of the people of this country—especially of the workers, who have been watching with sympathy the vast social and economic experiments of the Soviet Union, would interpret the action of our rulers as an attack upon socialism. There would be a disastrous end to the unity of the country.

We therefore appeal to our fellow citizens to use their utmost efforts to prevent our Government from taking this ruinous action.

(Signed) RICHARD ACLAND, H. N. BRAILSFORD, J. B. S. HALDANE, HEWLETT JOHNSON, P. CHALMERS MITCHELL, LISTOWEL, G. BERNARD SHAW, SYBIL THORNDIKE, CHARLES TREVELYAN, SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB

THE POLITICS OF DEMOCRATIC SOCIALISM

SIR,—Laski's criticism of Durbin's "orthodoxy" comes dangerously near to a repudiation of the philosophy of a Party to which they both belong. And since when has it become an offence to believe in something and say so without equivocation? Laski is in succession to a long line of people in British politics who have always been filled with gloomy forebodings about the possibilities of peaceful change. And their fears have all been demolished by the event.

I hope not to be accused of logic chopping if I observe a curious inconsistency between a criticism of Durbin "for a fine certitude about the future which a more sceptical mind will envy" and a wholehearted acceptance in 1940, of something which Mr. Engels wrote to Mr. Bloch nearly a century ago! There was certitude for you!

Durbin will not, I think, resent for a moment Laski's suggestion that he rather likes Dalton's book and I am bound to say, in my orthodoxy, that the spectacle of Durbin "keeping the bridge" with Dalton appears to be much more commendable than Laski's attempt to keep it with a number of old gentlemen who have been dead these many years. And may I suggest that the book might have been mentioned as the first publication of the re-organised Labour Book Service? GEO. RIDLEY

6 Winscombe Crescent, Ealing W.5.

SIR,—I wholly share Mr. Durbin's view that excesses from the Left, shootings without trial, imprisonment without specific offences proved, and so on, are quite unpardonable. The point of difference between him and me is his allegation that torture is used by the Soviet Government as a deliberate instrument of policy as it is used by the Nazi Government. I have taken pains to examine the evidence for this view, and I cannot convince myself that it establishes a case which is adequate. This does not, of course, excuse the undoubted and utterly unjustified terrorism of the kind to which I have referred. HAROLD J. LASKI

Devon Lodge,
Addison Bridge Place, W.14.

SCIENCE IN THE U.S.S.R.

Sir,—Let Sir Francis Bacon reply.

If many useful discoveries have been made by accident or upon occasion, when men were not seeking for them but were busy about other things; no one can doubt but that when they apply themselves to seek and make this their business, and that too by method and in order and not by desultory impulses, they will discover far more. For although it may happen once or twice that a man shall stumble on a thing by accident which, when taking great pains to search for it, he could not find; yet upon the whole it unquestionably falls out the other way. And therefore far better things, and more of them, and at shorter intervals, are to be expected from man's reason and industry and direction and fixed application, than from accident and animal instinct and the like, in which inventions have hitherto had their origin.

Another argument of hope may be drawn from this—that some of the inventions already known are such as before they were discovered it could hardly have entered any man's head to think of; they would have been simply set aside as impossible. For in conjecturing what may be men set before them the example of what has been, and divine of the new with an imagination preoccupied and coloured by the old; which way of forming opinions is very fallacious; for streams that are drawn from the springheads of nature do not always run in the old channels.

If, for instance, before the invention of ordnance, a man had described the thing by its effects, and said that there was a new invention, by means of which the strongest towers and walls could be shaken and thrown down at a great distance; men would doubtless have begun to think over all the ways of multiplying the force of catapults and mechanical engines by weights and wheels and such machinery for ramming and projecting; but the notion of a fiery blast suddenly and violently expanding and exploding would hardly have entered into any man's imagination or fancy; being a thing to which nothing immediately analogous had been seen, except perhaps in an earthquake or in lightning, which as magnalia or marvels of nature, and by man not imitable, would have been immediately rejected . . .

So again, if before the discovery of the magnet, any one had said that a certain instrument had been invented by means of which the quarters and points of the heavens could be taken and distinguished with exactness; men would have been carried by their imagination to a variety of conjectures concerning the more exquisite construction

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SOCIALISTS AND THE KEYNES PLAN

A BRILLIANT ANALYSIS BY H. N. BRAILSFORD

INSIST ON THIS SUNDAY'S

REYNOLDS ★ NEWS ★

of astronomical instruments; but that anything could be discovered agreeing so well in its movements with the heavenly bodies, and yet not a heavenly body itself, but simply a substance of metal or stone, would have been judged altogether incredible. Yet these things and others like them lay for so many ages of the world concealed from men, nor was it by philosophy or the rational arts that they were found out at last, but by accident and occasion; being indeed, as I said, altogether different in kind and as remote as possible from anything that was known before; so that no preconceived notion could possibly have led to the discovery of them.

There is therefore much ground for hoping that there are still laid up in the womb of nature many secrets of excellent use, having no affinity or parallelism with any thing that is now known, but lying entirely out of the beat of the imagination, which have not yet been found out. They too no doubt will some time or other, in the course and revolution of many ages, come to light of themselves, just as the others did; only by the method of which we are now treating they can be speedily and suddenly and simultaneously presented and anticipated.

This extract comes from the *Novum Organum*, CVIII, CIX.

J. D. BERNAL

"THE ICE BOX"

SIR,—Mr. Rose has found a small mare's nest in the Ice Box! The very invention he is clamouring for was commercially exploited some couple of years ago, and was a complete frost!

The system of recording was an improvement on the Blattnerphone, as the tape was of a composition similar to celluloid, and the playing time twenty minutes. The tape had two sound tracks, and could be reversed instantaneously, so giving a playing time of forty minutes. Classical symphonies, concertos, etc., were recorded. The machine was exhibited at Radiolympia, advertised in the press, etc., yet it did not catch on. The point is that the public have invested in radio gramophones and are quite satisfied apparently with ordinary records, the sale of which is booming. The greatest increase being in records of a symphonic nature.

Mr. Rose's argument is further nullified by actual experience. His quest for Classical "Penguins" could be achieved by the slow playing disc, which is already being used by the blind as "Talking Books" and was first perfected in the earlier Talkies. These records play about twenty-four minutes as a twelve-inch disc, and the cost of manufacturing precisely the same as an ordinary record, but it has been proved that the public are not interested in cheap classical records. Decca brought out an excellent series of orchestral records of symphonic music a couple of years ago, at the extremely cheap price of half a crown a twelve inch with names like Wood, Harty, etc., on the labels. The records were, from a sales point of view, most discouraging. Decca have since put the up price to four shillings, and I believe are now actually selling better than at the former price! There is a great snob appeal of price, which the gramophone companies wisely take into account.

Mr. Rose should know better than to state that records are made of vulcanite. Their composition is largely shellac.

Denmark Street, ALEX. KRAUT
London, W.C.2.

CHURCH AND STATE

SIR,—I have read Professor Joad's somewhat disappointing review of the Revolt against Church and State in your issue of Feb. 24th, and I feel that certain of his views are open to challenge.

To lay the blame upon the State as an institution for its inability to preserve security, liberty and peace is to obscure the real cause of this defect, which is the economic and not the political structure of the State. Using Professor Joad's definition, the State always has and always will exist, and it must inevitably be the political unit upon which his Federal Union is built. But it must be purged, purged of (1) totalitarian ideas, (2) capitalist monopolism, (3) militant nationalism. Mr. Joad must see that it is against these, and not against the structure of the State, that the revolt has arisen: the revolution is for Democracy, then Socialism, but only finally for Federal Union. These ideals follow logically one upon the other. Professor Laski has maintained that Socialism and Democracy are interdependent; it may be added that Federal Union is absolutely dependent on both. Nor is it useful to reply that this is well known, for many of those who speak for Federal Union would regard Socialist Federal Union, which is the only possible type, with determined hostility.

Furthermore, to laud Mr. Aldous Huxley and Mr. Gerald Heard as the puppets of a new religion is to reveal yet another instance of wishful thinking on the part of Mr. Joad. These men have not found a creed which reflects the need of the times: their religion is not that of men who are progressing in thought and spirit, it is that of men who are weary and wish to escape from the battle of ideas. In it the struggles of de Vigny are fought again, with results which are as negligible. But the most disconcerting point of all is that Mr. Joad hails a creed which he declares owes a good deal to Buddhism, which is the religion of the fatalist. Such recommendation on the part of a man of Mr. Joad's influence is dangerous. Fatalism is already the outlook of the masses: it must not be accepted as that of the thinkers. And therefore it is a good thing that Huxley and Heard and the rest have retired to Hollywood (the very place of their "exile" reveals the nature of their retreat). They have struggled with the complexities of modern life and thought, and they have been overcome: but shall we who are left adopt their fatalist creed and give up the struggle also?

W. G. WILSON
7 Ash Street, Blaydon-on-Tyne,
Co. Durham.

LOVE ON THE DOLE

SIR,—The management Committee of Unity Theatre Society Ltd. have passed a resolution, which I enclose, condemning the banning of the film of Walter Greenwood's *Love on the Dole*.

It has always been an absurdity that in an allegedly free and democratic country we should have as the censorship authority on films a body completely without legal standing, invented and supported by the movie moguls; but the practice of the British Board of Film Censors, which has been steadily growing, of deciding before a film has been made whether or not a certificate shall be granted to it, is still more dangerous. Previously, when films were submitted only after they had been made, there was a chance of them being shown by independent exhibitors with the licence granted by democratically elected county councils. If this practice continues, the small right of county councils to decide whether they shall or shall not see any particular film will disappear altogether.

No longer can we tolerate this interference with our rights: no longer can the government burke its responsibility by hiding behind this unofficial body. If there must be a film censorship, let it be an official one, responsible to Parliament, since England is, I believe, still a democracy.

Goldington Street, UNITY THEATRE SOCIETY, LTD.,
Pancras Road, R. VERNON BEST,
London, N.W.1. Secretary.

THE SMALL SHAREHOLDER

SIR,—I gather from Comments that the government's arrangement with the railways is denounced as a "Bad deal," and I think it is only fair that it should be considered from my point of view, too.

At the beginning of the life of the railways my father invested some thousands of pounds in what I suppose he considered was a national asset, and also to provide for his children. I may add that my father worked hard for the money he earned.

On the interest of this money I depend for my living. I know nothing about the wickedness of those people you mention who make profit out of financial transactions, all I ask for is a decent return for money invested. For years now I have had *no* return on a great part. Consequently I cut down expenses, and live as simply as I can, in a cottage, that I think I may say many working people would despise. I have to be content with the minimum of help from those who are much better off than I am.

I am not alone I think, there must be hundreds of others in the same position, we get no help or sympathy. All the sympathy and help now is for the proletariat. We don't complain, only it seems a little unfair that when there is a hope of a little brighter prospect there are those who grudge it as a "bad deal."

I am not at all against things being managed by the State *if* the State were efficient. But is it? As far as my experience goes, my dealings with Government officials prove the contrary.

Bentham, KATE RACKHAM
Near Cheltenham.

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The Week-end Review

Spring Announcements Supplement

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1940

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PERSONAL HISTORY

The Thirties. 1930-40 in Great Britain. By MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

" Men aim at projecting their own inward unease on as large a screen as possible. When they tremble, the universe must." Thus Mr. Muggeridge on his first page ; and his judgment upon the human race applies with peculiar appropriateness to his own mordant sketch of this country's recent history. This scrapbook of the thirties, with its strange mixture of wit and facetiousness, of debunking caricature and sharp observation, has the semblance of history. *The Thirties,* in racing language, is a thoroughbred out of *The Waste Land* by *Eminent Victorians* and trained by C. P. Scott ; or, to put it in another way, it is the confessions of a member of that sensitive generation of post-war intellectuals who combined an ironic reaction against Georgian poetry and Victorian morals with a strong Liberal belief in justice and liberty. Like Mr. Aldous Huxley, Mr. Muggeridge is tormented by the feeling that the stable civilisation, which he could simultaneously debunk and reform in the twenties, is now collapsing under his feet. He can no longer work in the safe assurance that civilisation will survive his mockery—and even be the better for it. He can no longer satisfy his generous Liberal sympathies by the exposure of the plight of Ukrainian, Chinese or Indian minorities without feeling that such an exposure may bring down British civilisation as well. In a world grown suddenly serious, in a civilisation struggling for bare existence, the Socratic jester has no place. He must either turn to the task of saving civilisation or he must reject civilisation as a whole and from some desperate pinnacle of religious *mystique* prophesy doom to the human race.

Mr. Muggeridge has temporarily chosen the latter course ; vanity of vanity, he preaches, all is vanity. The only pattern in history, which he finds, is that

> In the immutable nature of life, it is necessary that every hope and folly, all the expense of passion should be taken to its extreme. The Euclidian conclusion—" which is absurd " must constantly be demonstrated ; *reductio ad absurdum,* more plausibly than dialectical materialism, may be taken as the principle which provides a key to human affairs. There is no stopping short ; no moderate hope or folly, no moderate passion. Lear must go mad . . . the Rector of Stiffkey be thrown to menagerie lions and Macdonald go down in a blaze of conferences, making what is in effect his last bow in South Kensington Geological Museum to an assembly of representatives of all extant governments, not excepting Liberia.

This passage typifies the best and the worst of Mr. Muggeridge's book. It is witty, but the wit too often tumbles over into smartness ; it is savage but, because it is so all-inclusive in its condemnation, the reader, who is sound in life and limb, will not put on sackcloth and ashes and weep with Mr. Muggeridge : on the contrary, he will enjoy himself. " Smart stuff " he will think, " but of course, he lays it on a bit thick." The worst of assuming the mantle of Jeremiah is that, instead of achieving a wholesale conversion, you may cheer up the sinners by providing them with a hearty guffaw. The great satirist arouses our indignation because he contrasts good and evil. The writer for whom everything is a sour joke, may relieve his own feelings : but for the rest of the world he becomes mere entertainment. And that no doubt is the most ironical joke of all.

Judged then as entertainment, *The Thirties* is to be recommended ; judged as a serious estimate of our age, it is clever, hysterical and defeatist, sacrificing truth for the sake of an epigram.

> In 1931 protests were made in Parliament against a broadcast by a Cambridge economist, Mr. Maurice Dobb, on the ground that he was a Marxist ; now the difficulty would be to find an economist employed in any university who was not one.
>
> Social services gained momentum. . . . The nation's teeth, the nation's eyes, the nation's intestines, all its organs, internal and external were improving as published reports and ministerial statements testified. Nor was the nation's mind neglected. A Committee for Verse and Prose Recitation arranged readings of " good poetry and plays " in public houses. . . .

Such *bons mots* would be amusing enough in a light-hearted skit : they become irritating in a book which purports to be serious ; and they are only explicable when we read :

> Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God : cursed are the impure in heart, for they shall see Man.

which is execrable theology but exactly describes Mr. Muggeridge's mood. Like F. A. Voigt, another *Manchester Guardian* man, he takes refuge in a god of vengeance from the human race which he so detests, and ends up with this remarkable profession of faith :

> The only brotherhood is of work, the only sisterhood of procreation —except membership of a family whose father is in Heaven,

a statement somewhat ridiculous outside Nazi Germany.

The Thirties has been chosen by the Book Society to cheer up our black-out evenings, presumably on the theory that an emetic will do its members no harm. Certainly it will make a pleasing contrast to the platitudes of our preachers and a useful supplement to Lord Halifax's recent address to the undergraduates of Oxford. On Mr. MacDonald and Earl Baldwin, on newspaper competitions and the Abdication, Mr. Muggeridge writes brilliantly. Indeed he is always illuminating when he can raise his head out of the slough of despond. It would be a pity if so gifted a writer were to be spoilt by over-acidity ; and I believe that Mr. Muggeridge might find a cure if he forgot politicians and turned to the study of man. For if the top crust of civilisation is cracking, the men and women underneath are sound enough to restore even Mr. Muggeridge's belief in human nature.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

ANOTHER CLERICAL POET

The Poems of Thomas Pestell. Edited with an account of his life and work by HANNAH BUCHAN. *Blackwell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The reverend Thomas Pestell did not write many good poems. The best known is the charming eighteen-line *Relief on Easter Eve,* which anthologists have rightly picked out of his only printed collection of verse ; at least four anthologies during the last fifty years have had it, and possibly several more. It is by this that most people probably know Mr. Pestell, and perhaps from this may have formed too high an opinion of his gifts ; anthologists have been apt to comment that it was a pity that so little of his verse had survived. What had in fact survived of it (in print) was seventeen religious poems included in a volume called *Sermons and Devotions,* published in 1659 when he was seventy-three (" in my youth, among other weaknesses I yielded to the temptation of printing sermons," he wrote, and now fell again), two elegies in an obituary collection, *Lachrymae Musarum* (1649) and ten poems printed by Nichols (from a manuscript) in his memoir of the poet in the *History of Leicestershire.* There were plenty of other poems, but, until now, all in manuscript—the anonymous MS. Malone 14 in the Bodleian, and MS. English 228 at Harvard. The identification of the authors of manuscripts has always been, as Isaac D'Israeli observes, a queer chancy business : in this case there was the known and accessible *Sermons and Devotions,* from which anthologists took poems, Nichols's memoir, and an anonymous manuscript in the Bodleian which contained several of the poems in both these works ; and yet by some chance none of the students who must have read these three collections at various times happened to connect them. So, until the other day, when an American scholar communicated to Miss Buchan the information that the Harvard MS., and therefore the Bodley MS., was by Pestell, this clergyman was deprived of the credit due to him for all this poetry. " The meanest of His late Majesty's chaplains " would surely now be delighted to see himself set out in such fine scholarly apparel, with so many learned and informing notes, and such a careful account of his somewhat vexed and turbulent life. For, like so many other country clergymen who have turned, with varying degrees of success, to verse-making as a solace or a vent, Mr. Pestell was discontented, ambitious, quarrelsome, profusely but (it would seem) inadequately patroned (for he seldom got anywhere much, except from one small Leicestershire incumbency to another) and a prey to constant

malice and slander. He was a vicar who gave as good as he got; he was charged in 1633 before Laud's High Commission Court with a fine tale of typical incumbent's offences—e.g. he had kicked and spurned a parishioner with his spurs and bitten his ear till the blood ran down into his boot, and had after all that refused to communicate him; he had spoken idly and saucily to an earl, turned a Mrs. Jimpson out from divine service because he did not think she accepted his doctrine and so did not desire her company in church, and made scoffing puns on the names of his clerical superiors. Thirteen years later he and his son (by then the Vicar) were charged before the Parliamentary Committee with a fresh set of delinquencies, such as bowing to the altar, being libertines and hunting over their neighbours' lands with beagles and hounds, dropping Sunday services, quarrelling and bringing suits against the parishioners in great choler and rage, cutting down trees, and jeering at the religious. In spite of a spirited defence, father and son were sequestrated, and Mr. Pestell, till the Restoration restored his clerical fortunes, applied himself to literature—presumably writing out MSS. Malone 14 and Eng. 228 and signing them "Perditus," composing a few new verses, and publishing *Sermons and Devotions*.

The secular poems are mostly personal: flatteries, reproaches and entreaties to patrons, elegies, epigrams, compliments, malicious congratulations to clerical friends who have got preferment:

> "Let me enjoy you, for I faine would know
> If still you looke like one of us or noe"—

and a few pastorals. There is an interesting poem to Francis Beaumont, references to other literary contemporaries, condolences with various bereaved members of the aristocracy, some ingenious conceits and neat turns of phrase and humour a little cumbrous, echoes of other poets, and here and there a good piece, such as the attractive "Sylly Boy, there is no cause," and the few sombre lines "On Man." Pestell's gift was genuine but thin; he padded it out with some tedious stuff, and occasionally by "working over" or "patching" the poems of others, one of the sillier fashions of the age.

Miss Buchan has been very thorough in her researches; her text, notes, informative commentary, and short, well-documented biography are all admirable, and this would seem to be the final edition of "this pleasant old bard," as Nichols rather inaptly calls him, unless there should turn up sometime the manuscript from which Nichols printed the poems in his memoir, and which, he said, contained others which he did not print. No doubt it may be somewhere about. But scarcely, perhaps, worth much looking for.

It is an interesting question whether, had patrons been more active and useful and our country clergy more satisfied, there would have been less clerical poetry. *Querela clericorum*, the lamentation of the clergy, has risen continually down the centuries in verse. Not always good verse, but had they got more preferment it might have been worse as well as less. The chagrin due to the "obscure angle" (as Pestell called it) in which they were condemned to eat out their aspiring hearts may have been the grit in the oyster-shell that irritates into pearls. Sometimes they are the best pearls, such as those emitted by Herrick while in "this dull Devonshire," sometimes poor ones. But even Thomas Pestell has a few of fairly good quality in his rather pathetic string.

ROSE MACAULAY

DETECTION

Sad Cypress. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins.* 8*s.* 3*d.*

Death in the Diving Pool. By CAROL CARNAC. *Peter Davies.* 8*s.* 3*d.*

The Chiffon Scarf. By M. G. EBERHART. *Collins.* 8*s.* 3*d.*

Death Starts a Rumour. By MARY FITT. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

My Own Murderer. By RICHARD HULL. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Trial of Mary Court. By ROLAND WILD. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Moto Takes a Hand. By JOHN P. MARQUAND. *Robert Hale.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

You'd Be Surprised. By PETER CHEYNEY. *Collins.* 8*s.* 3*d.*

Within four months of the appearance of that masterpiece *Ten Little Niggers*, we are faced with another work by Mrs. Christie. Are English detective authors forced to write overtime by the exigencies of war? Even under the private exigencies of peace far too many were doing so. It would be a national disaster if our great lady, peerless in her own right, were reduced to mingle with the commoners by the mere exhaustion of her noble talent. *Sad Cypress* would be a most admirable piece of detection—by any other writer. The blue-print of the plot indicates the supreme architect; only the actual edifice has been hastily run up. In the narrative we miss the polish, and above all the faultless concentration on essentials which we expect in Mrs. Christie's finest work. The scene opens with a young and beautiful girl on trial for her life: she is charged with the murder of another young and beautiful girl, and the evidence against her is overwhelming. Even her counsel goes through an anxious moment when she is called on to plead. Was she going to lose her nerve and plead "Guilty"? No, Elinor Carlisle pleaded "Not Guilty" of the murder of Mary Gerrard, but there was not a single person in court who believed her, not one, not even Poirot. Yet someone wanted to believe her, and Poirot is set to work to reconstruct the crime. This process, as you may well believe, leads to a most unexpected conclusion. It is indiscreet to analyse chess problems for people who expect to have the pleasure of working them out for themselves, but I venture to remind readers of Mrs. Christie's predilection for that most incalculable piece on the chess-board—the knight. Knight to move and mate in three! Yes, but which is the knight? It seems almost unfair that Mrs. Christie should enjoy the extra advantage over the chess problemist of not being obliged to identify her pieces.

Miss Carnac, when last reviewed three years ago, was trying to write imitations of Edgar Wallace without much success. *Death in the Diving Pool* shows a marked improvement on that epoch; and the authoress is now in more respectable and congenial company, the band of lady novelists who use the ready-made plots of detection to provide dramatic action for the characters they adore creating. I wish Miss Carnac would go further still and bespeak a plot for herself, for her characters are so well-observed and lively that they deserve a better theme than "the Rajah's jewels." There is a murder device in *Death in the Diving Pool* worthy of Carter Dickson: an expert diver plunges into a diving pool and drowns for no apparent reason. If Miss Carnac can invent a trick like that she can forget all her Edgar Wallace, and be thankful.

Mrs. Eberhart, our Atmosphere Queen, has so perfected her breath-taking models of wide-eyed hysteria that it comes as a shock to meet one of her vehicles of suspense missing on one cylinder and occasionally back-firing; for *The Chiffon Scarf* ought to be more exciting than it is. It is nice when the wonderful new aeroplane engine crashes in flames on its test flight; nice going still, when the plane that should be taking a party to a wedding dumps them instead in the deserts of Colorado. But out there, with a retired detective on a ranch and his mob of cowboys, the speed drops, the action flags and the conversations wander. Not even the heroine's chiffon scarf wound round a dead woman's neck, not even the reflection of a hatchet in a mirror can redeem those weary hours of waiting. Waiting for what? For Mrs. Eberhart to resign herself to unite true lovers, and to reveal the criminal whom we had all guessed long ago.

Miss Fitt generally selects a bunch of intelligentsia to go with her criminals; but although they talk their heads off trying to act their parts, her characters never manage to ring true. *Death Starts a Rumour* is written in her usual sprightly conversational style, but behind the plausible dialogue the characters remain unreal as ever; the love affairs are mechanical devices, the crimes *gestes arbitraires*, and the alibis *vieux jeu*. Miss Fitt's works are always readable but anaemic; iron tonic and blood transfusion might do them good.

Mr. Hull is a restless stylist; he is always trying his hand on something new. *My Own Murderer* opens persuasively: "Even before he murdered Baynes, I never was really much attracted by Alan Renwick, which in a way makes it strange that I did so much for him." Alan Renwick takes refuge with his solicitor, the narrator, after brutally murdering his blackmailing valet. The narrative proceeds, in the first person, with the solicitor's carefully staged scheme to rid himself of this awkward visitor. First everything goes right; and then, when Inspector Westhall looms up, everything goes wrong. The easy stride of Mr. Hull's well-trained prose carries him equally well up and down hill. The result is a hybrid between a crime story and detection, blending confidential intimacy with a touch of the unexpected: admirably written, yet not very exciting.

The Trial of Mary Court is an exceptionally brilliant version of a familiar type—the murder trial. Mary Court is on trial for the murder of her husband. The case is heard at the Old Bailey, from the preliminary "strewing" of the court with aromatic herbs to the return of the jury from considering their verdict, in

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RALPH PARTRIDGE

TURKISTAN

The Wandering Lake. By SVEN HEDIN. *Routledge.* 18*s.*
Turkistan Tumult. By AITCHEN K. WU. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Jenghiz Khan. By C. C. WALKER. *Luzac.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

The oscillation of the waters of Sinkiang is slow indeed beside that of its human affairs; for it stretches over milleniums instead of months. But it could not elude the perspicacity of Sven Hedin, whose first Central Asian memories go back to 1885; and he has been able to verify in his own lifetime his prophecy of thirty years earlier that, after an oscillation of 1,600 years, the aquatic pendulum would swing back and the long-dry Lop Nor lake of the Chinese annals would fill up again. He has been able to glide in a boat over his own camel's tracks of thirty years before in the again pathless river bed. "How desolate and dead this country had been when I traversed its deserts thirty-four years ago. How splendid it was now, when life was suffusing it with a new dawn. No music in the world could charm my ears more than the soft triumphant melody played by the water as it babbled round a stranded tree-trunk." This enchanting water journey, described by the veteran Sven Hedin with the eager anticipation and infectious delight of a schoolboy escaped from prison (as he had indeed) was concerned, beside the solution of a major geographical problem, with the highly practical question of capturing for irrigation the water of the rivers which otherwise lose themselves in the desert sands, and of restoring to traffic the Great Silk Road, which nearly two thousand years ago linked China with the West. One only gets the full flavour of Sven Hedin's river journey (excellently translated) if one realises that it was an idyllic interlude between two strenuous episodes of "forcible detention" by each of the two rival forces contending for mastery in Chinese Turkestan. In fact the whole of his journey, undertaken for the Chinese Government, was conditioned by the civil war, of which the author of *Turkistan Tumult* gives a detailed and vivid picture; he himself, as an envoy of the Nanking Government to Urumchi, having played an important and clearly very intelligent part in the extraordinary and tragic history he describes. The events related in *The Wandering Lake* and the other two volumes of Sven Hedin's trilogy, *Big Horse's Flight* and *The Silk Road*, are all slightly subsequent to the period covered by *Turkistan Tumult* (1933–1934), and form an interesting supplement to it. This is the first book written by a Chinese about Chinese Turkistan, that vast province as big as the British Isles, France and Germany together, which, under the enlightened and absolute rule of its great Governor Tsen-hsin, enjoyed for seventeen years the reputation of an earthly paradise. Poor humanity, always stretching out its hands towards paradise, and as constantly destroying it!

Mr. Wu Ai Chen gives an admirable picture of Tsen-hsin and of the causes of his downfall and murder, followed by a period of misrule which gave the prodigious young adventurer Ma Chung-yin, commonly known as "Big Horse," his chance. Mr. Wu's description of his interview with Big Horse, to whom he was sent as ambassador, is a fascinating psychological document and should be compared with the fresh and charming conversation between the fugitive leader and Sven Hedin's young Swedish chauffeur, who was compelled to drive him westwards on one of the expedition's commandeered cars.

Turkistan Tumult is more than a fascinating story of recent events in a remote province of China. Sinkiang, along whose frontiers China, India and Russia meet, has always haunted the imagination of travellers and scholars. After reading Mr. Wu's sober but exciting book, one realises that it must also long have haunted the dreams of our Foreign Office. With a world at peace, even with Europe at peace, there is a great future for Sinkiang; but European tumult can only intensify Sinkiang's disorders.

Commander Walker is interested in Mongol history chiefly from the strategic and geographic point of view. His book is well supplied with maps; but it does not appear that he has personal acquaintance with the scenes of Mongol conquest, and it is evident that he has no knowledge of the principal written sources. A study of Chingiz Khan which ignores the Secret History of the Mongols (written 13 years after the Khan's death) and the work of Pelliot (the greatest living authority on the Mongol period) cannot hope to make a secure contribution to knowledge. Indeed Commander Walker's keen interest in strategy and geography seems to hang in a void. He complains that Chingiz Khan is a nebulous figure, but even the two letters he wrote to the Taoist sage Chang Chun, hero of *Travels of an Alchemist*, lately returned from a command visit to the Hindukush, seem to bring the world conqueror out of the shadows.

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property in Covent Garden and the Strand, Bloomsbury was, even in the eighteenth century, by no means unimportant among the estates of which the administration centred in Bedford House: the story of that administration, and of its gerents, forms a fourth aspect of the book. Lastly, the central theme so brilliantly developed by Miss Scott Thomson in her first book on *Life in a Noble Household* is continued through another century.

The story of *The Russells in Bloomsbury* starts in 1669 with the marriage of Lord William Russell to Rachel, daughter and co-heiress of Thomas Wriothesley, fourth and last Earl of Southampton. When lots were cast between the three sisters, she drew for her share, besides certain estates in Hampshire, "Southampton House and the manors of Bloomsbury and St. Giles in Middlesex." Here she came to live with her "dear Lord," here a son was born in 1680, and from here, three years later, Lord Russell was taken to prison, to die for the cause of English freedom. When in 1694 his father was created a Duke, the patent recounted the "great merit" of the son. After his death the widow administered the domain which she had brought into the Russell family—the first of several strong women who, through a queer fatality, were to rule over it, leaving their mark on the family and the estate. The second Duke married Elizabeth Howland, a grand-daughter of Sir Josiah Child of East India fame, who brought into the Russell family the Streatham and Rotherhithe estates, and energy and ability inherited from her City ancestors with which to administer the family property through another long minority; for her husband died at the age of 30, when their son Wriothesley, the third Duke, was three, and John, subsequently fourth Duke of Bedford, was one year old. Wriothesley married a grand-daughter of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and died childless in 1732, aged 24, having come very near to squandering the family fortune and to disposing of the Bloomsbury estate. John married Diana Spencer, another grand-daughter—the favourite—of the great Sarah, whose powerful personality impressed itself on Bedford House during Diana's short life; she died in 1735. Two years later, the Duke married Gertrude Leveson-Gower, another great character; well-informed contemporaries allege that, more than the Duke himself, she determined the policy of his very important following in Parliament, the so-called "Bloomsbury gang." "I acquit His Grace . . . of malice," wrote Horace Walpole, "but his Duchess, her sister Waldegrave, and Rigby seldom acquainted the Duke with the true grounds on which he acted." Their only son died in 1767, at the age of 27, and his wife a year later; when the fourth Duke died in 1771, his eldest grandson was six years old. Another chapter opened in the Bloomsbury matriarchy; and the work of Gertrude, Duchess of Bedford, an able administrator, on the development of the great urban estate is commemorated in the name of Gower Street.

A few years ago I went in search of an important eighteenth-century correspondence. In the Muniment Room of the Castle we opened box after box, and bundle after bundle: and we found nothing but bills. I said to my friend: "I have heard that when one goes up in a balloon, the last sound which reaches one from the earth is the barking of dogs; apparently bills play that part on our final journey." Bills, accounts, rent and pay-rolls, etc., abound in almost every old mansion or estate office; but naturally they are fullest and most explicit where there was a ramified administration, and especially during minorities. Of such material Miss Scott Thomson has made remarkable use; it is difficult to praise too highly the skill and scholarship of her work, the care with which she has pursued various trails in her material, and her sureness of touch in tracing them: such as only knowledge and untiring research can give. What a number of things can be read from household and estate accounts! You can see how the people dressed and how they furnished their rooms, and what they ate and drank; what they paid for their purchases; where these were made (and this opens up the subject of London shops, their character and location); who served in the household, and for what remuneration; how the people travelled, and how they educated their children; what books they had, what pictures and music. The estate accounts deal with a great variety of transactions: the history of Bloomsbury and of its planned development can be read in the rent-rolls; so can the history of the Rotherhithe docks; of the Devonshire estates round Tavistock—from these in the eighteenth century cloth was still sent to Bedford House, not for household use only, but even for sale and export. Even the history of banking and of money remittances can be studied in the accounts of Bedford House. Lastly, the heirs of Josiah Child and owners of Rotherhithe engaged also in distant ventures, in Greenland whaling and East Indian trade.

For any part of London such a book, compiled with so much skill and quiet enthusiasm, would be of great value. But there is something unique about the London estates of the Russells. There is hardly a district with a more varied residential and business history than that area adjoining the Inns of Court and the City, containing the British Museum and Covent Garden Market, the oldest theatres and quarters of publishers not abandoned even now. There are few intellectuals of standing in English-speaking, or even in European, countries, who do not know, frequent, and remember Bloomsbury. But much as it changes in every generation, of practically all its developments the origins are in the century covered by Miss Scott Thomson's book, which was well worth writing and is well worth reading.

L. B. NAMIER

THE PURITAN REVOLUTION

Archbishop Laud, 1573-1645. By H. R. TREVOR-ROPER. *Macmillan.* 21s.

John Pym, 1583-1643. By S. REED BRETT. *John Murray.* 10s. 6d.

One would not have supposed that either of these persons would be a congenial subject for a biography, since Laud had no private or personal life to speak of, and all knowledge of Pym's has disappeared. But Mr. Trevor-Roper writes with such vivacity and verve, with such a lively sense of amusement and good judgment both of men and politics, that he has completely got over that disadvantage; whereas Mr. Brett has not: his book just fails to come alive.

There are so many flat, colourless historical biographies coming out on the market these days, from people who neither are historians nor have any particular call to write a book, that one is almost overjoyed at the appearance of a first book by a young man who has the makings of a first-class historian and who also knows how to write. With this life of Laud a new star, of great promise, appears on the horizon. Anyone who wants to know what the best contemporary young historians are thinking—I mean

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really contemporary and not the eminent holders of professional chairs mooning away in nineteenth-century modes of thought—could not do better than read Mr. Trevor-Roper's Introduction to his book. It reads almost like a manifesto. The joke is that though it comes very much to what we Marxists think, it is in fact written by a young Conservative. The explanation is just that this young Conservative is very intelligent.

Mr. Trevor-Roper is a historical realist. He makes the seventeenth century, with its wars of religion, its fantastic and interminable disputes supposedly, if one took them *au pied de la lettre*, about the attributes of God—he makes it real and intelligible. He sees very clearly that what men were fighting for on both sides was power, and that their religious ideas and convictions were the formulation of their desires and demands. That is not to say that they did not believe in them; they believed in them all the more intensely because they represented something very real. "Observation shows us that men prefer to idealise their political ambitions for the purpose of defending them . . . 'Predestination,' 'No Bishops,' or 'A Godly Ministry' were good battle-cries, whatever they meant . . . But it was not for these shibboleths that men fought and intrigued, but for the realities of which they were the superficial evidence . . . Religion, it was generally admitted, was the propaganda of political parties, and no one supposed that it ought to withdraw to the cloister and busy itself exclusively about theological niceties. 'Religion it is that keeps the subject in obedience,' declared Sir John Eliot." Hence all the fuss and bother about the unknowable: it was just the language in which they thought and conducted their conflicts for power.

There can be no doubt that Mr. Trevor-Roper is essentially right. The only possible doubt to my mind is whether he does not make it a little too clear, rationalise it a little too much. A knowledge of anthropology, which should be a great aid to a historian, suggests that there is no nonsense which humans will not believe and fight for; and that though their struggles are intelligible and about real concerns, they are also more complex and often more idiotic; men *are* moved in idiotic ways by idiotic considerations. However, I do not dispute the essential truth of Mr. Trevor-Roper's thesis.

That being what it is, his biography of Laud is a political and social biography. Which is precisely what is needed: "Laud's clerical biographers, since they approach him on their knees, are unable to see very far." We do not need a lot of stuff about Laud's exact theological position, and here we do not get it. He was not very interested himself. Laud was primarily a political figure, whose ecclesiastical policy was part of a conception of society which suited monarchical government, as the Puritan and Parliamentarian view of the Church was one which suited the interests of those classes. Calvinism, Mr. Trevor-Roper tells us, "was a doctrine for the mercantile classes, who, having acquired wealth, looked for power, and found power denied to them under the Roman system." That will explain why the Stuarts stuck to a Catholic frame of belief, against its obvious popular disadvantages: it accounts for Charles II, who cared nothing for religion as such, but a good deal for its political implications. It was like the Comte de Chambord losing his chance of the throne for the sake of the *fleur-de-lys*.

Of course, Laud was on the losing side; he was fighting a hopeless struggle to recover the lost position of the Church to support the monarchy. And little was the help that he and Strafford got from Charles I, who was such an ass, with good taste and no political judgment. When one considers the fact that practically all the ability, and all the new, pulsating forces of the vigorous rising classes were on the other side, the wonder is not that Parliament should have won against the King, but that Charles I should have been able to hold out so long. Laud put up a courageous fight, swimming against the tide, and Mr. Trevor-Roper's interpretation of him not only makes him intelligible and is completely convincing, but is far more sympathetic in the end than the portrait drawn by his clerical biographers. But then Mr. Trevor-Roper has a strong common-sense understanding of men, not merely of parsons; his book has a number of excellent character-studies—that of Strafford being one of the most just appreciations of that great and difficult man that I have come across.

After this, Mr. Brett's is a pale, meek and colourless book. His conception of Pym is right enough: Pym was far from being the fanatical revolutionary of the popular view. His strength lay precisely in his moderation, his energy and his unerring political judgment. But then we do not need to make heroes of these dreary Puritans: they had the game with them in any case: poor, fussy, pathetic, donnish little Laud has really more of the heroic in him. Mr. Brett has a few things that are new to tell us. He brings out the importance of Pym's early upbringing in Cornwall in the Rouse family, where he imbibed the strenuous Protestant principles, anti-Spanish and anti-Catholic, of their circle: his stepfather, Sir Anthony Rouse, was a friend of Drake and of his way of thinking. Pym was really a belated Elizabethan, but a first-rate politician who did not hesitate to take what steps were necessary to power.

Of Mr. Trevor-Roper, perhaps, we may hope that one day he will give us that definitive book on these Puritans for which he has all the right gifts and talents.

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Considering how badly things have gone during the last quarter of a century, even the agnostic may be tempted to wonder whether there may not after all, be something in this view. May it not, perhaps, be the case that somewhere about the beginning of the century the foundations of Christian principle upon which the civilisation of Europe had for nearly two thousand years been in theory based, began for various reasons to crack, and that our subsequent distresses are the result? Men, to put it baldly, turned

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BASIL BLACKWELL : OXFORD

their backs upon God and are now being punished for it. The view is, to say the least of it, plausible. Here are the works of two men who, being still in the main stream of the Christian tradition, have written them expressly to interpret God's word as mediated through Christ for the benefit of our distracted times. What, then, one wants with a new eagerness to know, have they to say?

Dean Matthews I found frankly disappointing. A scathing denunciation of Nazi Germany is used as an apologia for another righteous war. Our faults of commission and omission are obviously great, but we do still acknowledge the Christian values, respect law, care for truth, and value human personality. Nazis do none of these things. This, then, is a war for Christianity, for enlightenment and culture—it is to decide "whether we shall retrace our steps back from culture to barbarism"—and the enemy of Christian enlightenment and culture is "the German nation under the physical, mental and spiritual domination of the Nazi Party and its leader."

And therefore? Therefore we may rest assured of the "sound British patriotism of the Almighty," who must obviously desire our victory and—the Dean does not quite say this, but I am left with the impression that he strongly believes it—will ensure the victory which He desires. I have two comments. First, what a pity that one has heard it all before twenty-five years ago. Secondly, what a pity that the German Bishops should be thinking and saying very much the same thing—I can give the Dean chapter and verse for my assertion that they are.

The Master of Balliol's book is of a different calibre, and I have read it with a puzzled respect. It is obviously sincere; it is written from the highest motives; it contains some passages of acute reasoning and it is lit by incidental flashes of intellectual insight. Its subject is the apparent contradiction between the morality of perfection as foreshadowed in the Gospels and the morality of my station and its duties as prescribed by the State. *Prima facie* the contradiction is obvious enough. "Every Christian knows," writes the Archbishop of York in his Introduction, "that loyalty to Christ takes priority over every other." Now loyalty to Christ entails doing good to our enemies; it entails, for example, as Bishop Barnes has recently pointed out, feeding and not starving them. The State, on the other hand, bids us kill them and maintain a blockade whose object is to starve them. It seems, then, on a first view that a clear duty is laid upon Christians to disobey the State; but a first view may, the Master points out, be misleading. Society is admittedly imperfect, but we derive from it certain benefits; for example, the benefits of the administration of justice and security from violence. If it were not for society, we should be at the mercy of thugs and gangsters, and any civilised activity would become impossible. Moreover, as Dr. Lindsay points out, to love our neighbour, as we are certainly required to do, involves a willingness to establish the laws and keep the rules of a civilised society without which our neighbour would be condemned to the horrors of social anarchy. What of our enemies? We are told to love our enemies, but not what kind of conduct loving them will entail. Dr. Lindsay suggests that what it does entail is establishing for them, as for our friends, and maintaining, if necessary by force, the restraints and the rules of civilised society.

Two conclusions emerge. First, that we cannot as social beings take literally Christ's injunction that we resist not evil. To do so, would commit us to conclusions which are at variance with the whole of the rest of Christ's teaching. Secondly, the morality of my station and its duties in society is not really in conflict with the morality of perfection. On the contrary, the maintenance of the former is a necessary condition of the increasing realisation of the latter.

There is much more in this closely reasoned book than the argument which I have summarised. Particularly striking is an analysis of St. Paul's treatment of the ancient evil of slavery which, Dr. Lindsay suggests, may well serve as a model for our own treatment of the modern evil of war.

Dr. Lindsay makes the final point that it is not the business of the Church to denounce and reform society, although it is undoubtedly the business of persons possessing superior moral insight within the Church; the Church, in other words, has not a message, although its prophets have. The business of the Church is to form a fellowship within society whose members can show forth in their personal relations a standard of morality higher than that which obtains in society as a whole. Thus the Church may reform society indirectly by example instead of directly by denunciation and teaching. Again the comment seems to be, "What a pity!" What a pity that the Church that one knows fails so lamentably to perform the office which the Master of Balliol prescribes for it.

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obstacle by pouring round it, like a train," one sees at once why he mistook it at first for a snake. In a cave he flashes his torch on to a circle of land-crabs who " dropped their tall periscopic eyes, and waved their huge pincers in front of them. A few blew bubbles that hissed and squeaked in the silence." This is his description of the taina's " unreal white bloom " :

> They are phallic-looking objects with a mauve, onion-shaped portion at the base which continues upwards into a white somewhat constricted cylinder. This swells out again slightly and tapers up to a sharp point, like a thick candle. From three sides it looks solid, but from the fourth one may see that in reality it is hollow, being a strange form of petal, and that it contains an upright vivid orange finger, like a buddha in a white wax shrine.

Most of us have a very illusory conventional picture of the jungle ; *Caribbean Treasure*, one feels, gives a real one. It is commonly supposed, for instance, that in the Tarzan pictures, Hollywood has put in a set of convenient ropes for Weissmüller to swing on. In fact creepers do grow like that ; Mr. Sanderson swings on them, pauses at one tree to catch a bat in his handkerchief, encounters a snake on his descent, and probably captures an opossum on his way back to camp. The descriptions of the habits and appearances of the various creatures he is collecting are admirably done and they are supplemented by a number of quite charming drawings from his own hand. Personally I like the best the three-fingered sloth, the absurdity of its sub-human face only less absurd than its three blunt, stumpy, insensitive paws. The tayra is almosy equally bizarre, and the pigmy ant-eater (whose eyes on capture filled with tears, though if you were sentimental enough to be taken in by that, it produced its highly effective armament, " claws as dense, tough and sharp as a gaff ") is very appealing.

Caribbean Treasure rather took the edge off the other books. The excitements and the dangers of Mr. Sanderson's collecting (long before half-way he has suffered bites from bats, stings from scorpions, strikes from snakes and even gassing from a spider) make *Bushveld Adventures* seem very tame. In real life lions may be more terrifying than spiders ; in a book they must be made so. Mr. Pohl writes easily, but without much distinction, about what one feels, wrongly no doubt, to be the commonplaces of Big Game Hunting. But if they are not, he should have avoided such commonplaces of expression as the King of Beasts and the Children of the Wild. But he obviously knows the bush well and his book might excite adventurous boys or jog the recollections of conventional retired hunters.

Argentine to Andes is the by-product of a Swedish archaeologist's lecture tour in South America. It suffers badly from an excess of bridge passages and even the more professional parts, when Dr. Rydh visits Cuzco, the capital of the Incas, are vitiated by the interpolation of the authoress's own emotions of wonder, pleasure or cosmic bewilderment (" what is life on earth but a roundabout ? ") Scattered among it, there is, however, a good deal of interesting information about the Inca civilisation and the photographs are the most tempting incitements to escape.

Walzing Matilda is a piece of special pleading, so special that it immediately arouses the doubts it sets out to allay. Mr. Haskell was delighted with Australia when he first went there, and feels that the country and the people are underrated by the English. His book, the product of a second visit undertaken for that special purpose, is an attempt to convince us that everything in Australia is really lovely. But I'm afraid I must doubt whether Mr. Haskell's large-scale travel-folder will serve its purpose. The common feeling that Australia is dull derives, I suspect, from the fact that Australia seems to have contributed nothing peculiar to civilisation. There is nothing one can point to and claim as uniquely hers ; everything there, from her technology to her painting, seems to be entirely derivative. And from that follows, presumably, what Lawrence called " the rather fascinating indifference, a *physical* indifference to what we call soul or spirit " . . . " it hasn't got a consciousness," he added.

Mr. Haskell does not touch on this. He gives us a sketch of her history as a background, some descriptions of agreeable landscape and town building and any number of anecdotes in praise of Australian virtues. Australians are clearly most hospitable people ; socially they are egalitarian (though he insists on the splendours of the Sydney smart set) and the qualities they most respect are toughness, modesty and downrightness ; their open-air life keeps them splendidly fit. But this hardly seems enough. His account of their achievement in the arts is frankly unconvincing and their political apathy appears to be in some danger of leading them into the kind of authoritarian adventure which Lawrence suggested in *Kangaroo*. Perhaps one who knows nothing of Australia may be forgiven for suggesting that the explanation may lie in what Mr. Haskell claims as its special virtue—its devotion to the Mother Country. The people of Melbourne, it seems, describe the people of Sydney as Americanised, and Mr. Haskell is at pains to defend the people of Sydney. But perhaps the American rather than the English is the tradition which would better suit the Australian temper and if they would submit to it, might they not produce a valuable and uniquely Australian version of it ?

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AT FIRST I thought the spasmodic noises made by the man in the far corner of the railway carriage were, like my own muffled croakings, due to a cough left by influenza. Then, just as I had almost seen how to fit the clue to 18 across into – – S – A – E, he broke into authentic laughter and, laying his book open face downwards on the seat between us, he took off his spectacles and mopped tears from his eyes.

Not having laughed into tears over any book since *Cold Comfort Farm*, I felt no shame in looking at the title of this mirth compeller: it was, unexpectedly, *Two Novelettes*, by "Quite a Gentleman."

The owner of this novelty picked it up again and his chuckles punctuated the rest of the journey to Paddington so provocatively that I told the taxi-driver to go straight to my bookseller instead of to the United Arts Exhibition where I had an appointment. There, on the display counter, was a row of the very book I wanted.

"Is it really funny?" I asked the manager.

"It has only just come in," he said, "but our reader laughed so much over it that we've ordered more copies than we usually take of an unknown author. People are getting tired of books about Hitler, even the funny ones," he added.

My friend was not visible in the Galleries; but the seats at Burlington House are deep and comfortable and at the end of half an hour I was far more annoyed at being interrupted in my reading than at being kept waiting. I have now read and re-read the whole book. The second novelette is even more engrossing than the first. Both tales are shot through with a queer, elfin wit and a sophisticated flash of epithet, and at the same time they create atmosphere and character so firmly that, while you laugh at it, you believe in the motley procession and feel, when you have closed the book, that somewhere in Pimlico; in Mayfair; in S.W.11; in small flats; in great houses; in suburban roads; Violet Moulder and Lord St. Meath, Prawna Villefranche and the great pornographer, Dreer Cummings, are still continuing their often absurd and, as often, endearing lives.

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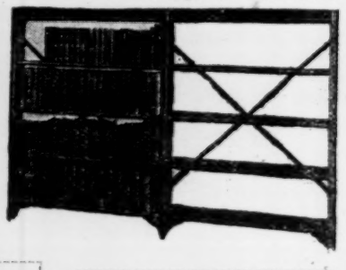

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SURTEES

To say that those who read THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION do not read the works of Surtees would obviously be inexact, but perhaps the remark contains a sufficient element of truth to justify a commendatory article. Surtees, we are frequently told, wrote about fox-hunting and may therefore be left to fox-hunters. Yet such an excuse for neglect is, in itself, insufficient, and is commonly found so as regards novels dealing with bull-fighting, boxing, yachting, sodomy, mountaineering and other recondite pastimes having a following and a terminology of their own. For such works are widely read and understood, gaining, rather than losing by their remoteness from the reader's experience. If coalmining or tauromachy can engage the attention of those who scarcely know a pic from a pick-axe, why should not hunting be equally favoured? The fact is, I believe, that an important section of the public, I am thinking especially of those who habitually read this paper, mistrust and dislike anything to do with fox-hunting because of the snobbery and social prestige with which it has been invested. Unless they have humanitarian prejudices they dislike —not the chase itself—but the attitude of some people who ride to hounds. Surtees who had nothing but contempt and ridicule for anyone who hunted for the sake of anything save hunting was to a great extent agreeable to their views. But the respectability of this sport cannot really affect Surtees's standing as a writer, neither can its peculiarity prevent his being understood; he is read by many, who, like the writer of this article, have learnt from him the little that they know about it. Moreover, it would be a great mistake to suppose that his works are purely cynegetic—the ambit of his observation is much wider than the hunting field.

The four most celebrated novels (the rest may perhaps be left to those who are more enthusiastic than critical) are: *Handley Cross* (1843), *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour* (1853), *Ask Mamma* (1858), and *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds* (1865). It will be noticed that they were published in what Mr. Jorrocks rightly called: "... the werry age of balderdash and 'umbug"—and these qualities are copiously exemplified in the novels of Surtees's contemporaries. They were afflicted with painful moral earnestness, while he never bothered his head about such things. They wrote for the family, while he, I suspect, wrote only for men. They were pathetic and religious, they were never coarse, their humour was kindly and gentle, when it was not informed by righteous anger; their work, however excellent, was seldom if ever devoid of nonsense. There was no nonsense about Surtees. It was the great age of the parenthesis, a vehicle which, when overloaded with sentimental moralising makes even Trollope or Thackeray tedious. If Surtees does not altogether escape from this kind of literary congestion (his parentheses are many and long), still he is never priggish or sentimental, he does not preach or advert upon the appalling moral obliquity of nearly all his characters. In fact he passes no judgments, he observes without pity or censure. It is not uninstructive to consider how other writers of that age might have risen to the sentimental occasions with which he is confronted; when for instance Mr. Jorrocks is shut up in Hoxton lunatic asylum, what a fine opening there is for whimsical, half-humorous sentiment. But there is not a bit of it. We are given illuminating details of the patients' diet, dress, and exercise, and his complaint:

> ... these are most comfortless quarters. I've had nobody to talk to ... save yon poor booby among the cabbages, and a most uneasy companion he is. Thinks he's made o' glass, and that the buoys (*sic*) are shyin' stones at him. ...

Compare this with Pickwick in the Marshalsea: how tremendously the emotional possibilities of *that* situation are exploited. What a dead weight of sob stuff overburdens the narrative! Nothing is spared one and the sentiment is frequently as vulgar as it is pedestrian. At first sight Pickwick and Jorrocks seem rather alike, but on closer examination the one is found to be a dear lovable old fellow while the other is a grasping, cynical, libidinous ruffian.

Even death, the prime stumbling block of Victorian novelists, is treated with judicious levity:

> ... a select party of thimble-riggers, who had gone to Jack's assistance, raised him up, and turned his ghastly face, with his eyes squinting inside out, and the foam still on his mouth, full upon him. "Oh my poor dear Jack!" repeated his lordship, sinking on his knees beside him, and grasping his stiffening hand as he spoke. His lordship sunk overpowered upon the body.
>
> The thimble-riggers availed themselves of the opportunity to ease his lordship and Jack of their watches and the few shillings they had about them, and departed.
>
> When a lord is in distress, consolation is never long in coming. ...

This is about as near sentimentality as he ever gets—except, it may be, when he is describing a run with harriers from the hare's point of view—he had all the fox-hunter's natural sympathy for hares.

Surtees has no improbable characters in his novels, he deals in knaves and fools. Bobby Pringle the "hero" of *Ask Mamma* is a fool among knaves, Facey Romford is a knave among fools, Sponge is a cheat, an imposter and a fortune-hunter, although he is finally captured by the beautiful Miss Glitters who hadn't a penny, and such was his state of mind that he "... was never so happy in his life. He could have stood on his head or been guilty of any extravagance short of wasting his money."

It may seem that I have advanced a rather negative case for my subject, and that it is not enough that an author be devoid of humbug and gush. The positive virtues implied in such an advocacy are, however, not difficult to perceive. If Surtees avoids happy endings and disbelieves in undying attachments, it is because he drew from life; and if, when he divagates, it is not to moralise but to convey supplementary information (on such topics as railway travel and horse-coping) it is because he was supremely interested in what he observed. This interest was served by an adequate gift; he drew well enough for his work to carry a conviction which, to-day, gives it the additional charm of an historical record.

But it must also be said that his indifference to the prevailing canons of delicacy, morality and good taste, are to some extent explained by his constant reference to the standards of venery. Implicit in his descriptions of hunting is his strong sympathy for the scientific huntsman or master and the enthusiastic follower. For rival sports he has a complete and sometimes unreasonable contempt. He disapproves of the man who rides to hounds for the mere pleasure of hard-riding, and, as I have already said, he laughed at the hunting snob. Where these standards conflict with the accepted standards of society, it is the latter that are ignored. In *Handley Cross* we find such an opposition; Mr. Jorrocks is in himself a challenge to the views of his age and country, especially to the fox-hunting part of it. For Jorrocks is not merely a reprobate but also a cad, a coward and no gentleman. But because he is wholehearted in his pursuit of foxes and because he had "an almost intuitive knowledge of the run of a fox" his creator laughs not *at* but *with* him. Mr. Frederick Watson in whose admirable study of Surtees these ideas are extremely well expressed sums up the effect of Surtees's preference for his own standards as opposed to those of his age when he says that "Surtees exasperated and estranged the fox-hunting or country house public by his failure to treat the whole social structure, from the landowner to the stable-boy, with reverence or sentiment." (*Robert Smith Surtees*, by Frederick Watson, Harrap.) We learn from the same author that *Handley Cross*, the most outrageous of the novels in this respect, failed when it was first published, and everything considered this is not surprising. It is more surprising that those who claim to be exempt from the social prejudices of the past should pay so little attention to Surtees.

Unequal, diffuse and divagatious in the last degree as these novels are, they still seem to me to be excellent reading. I hope that I have said enough to explain my opinion. But I very much doubt it. They are humorous, and humour defies or is destroyed by analysis. Nor can quotation give a true idea of them; they must be read as a whole to be enjoyed. For those who do not know them the experiment is worth while, and this attempt to advertise them will not have been useless if it leads potential admirers—it must be admitted that the class is not universal—to make the acquaintance of so enjoyable an author.

QUENTIN BELL

MORALS AND MANNERS

The True Chesterfield. By WILLARD CONNELY. *Cassell.* 15s.

During childhood one was often impressed by a large and lavishly detailed steel-engraving—a firm favourite with dentists and seaside landladies—which bore the legend: "Dr. Johnson in Lord Chesterfield's ante-room." Wearing a dark scowl of injured dignity, the ill-used lexicographer was represented among a chattering crowd of other clients and petitioners, his heavy head supported on the knob of his stick. Subsequent impressions of Lord Chesterfield were even less favourable. From the scornful references of Victorian literary critics, one gathered that he was the worst type of eighteenth century courtier, vapid, insincere

and artificial; while moralists used him to illustrate Augustan depravity by explaining that he had educated his only son in the arts of seduction and had advised him to engage in love affairs with married women. Nor has the prejudice against Chesterfield been entirely removed. Dr. Shellabarger's recent life, though learned, scholarly and informative, tempered its scholarship with irrelevant moralising and included some stern strictures on the hero's private principles. Mr. Connely's book is far more sympathetic. Indeed, it is probably the best and most comprehensive full-length study of Chesterfield's character and achievement that has yet appeared. It should clear up many foolish misconceptions (based on a refusal to admit that the validity of moral standards is always relative) and help to establish Chesterfield as an extraordinarily gifted English writer.

That he was himself an uncompromising social moralist merely added to Chesterfield's discredit in Victorian circles. Moralists may excuse a thoughtless amoralist—particularly if his misdeeds are lively and picturesque: the exponent of a rival morality they must, of course, condemn, since his existence is a direct challenge to their own pretensions. Chesterfield's system was distinguished by its extreme consistency. It would be both unfair and inaccurate to suggest that he regarded good manners as the most important of all human acquisitions: rather should one say that he connected all other human virtues with the cultivation of manners in some shape or form. That one might possess merit yet lack manners he sometimes acknowledged, but "awkward disagreeable merit" he persistently pointed out—the only type of merit that poor Philip Stanhope managed to arrive at—lost half its effect because it was never presented to the best advantage. Was it not true, moreover (he was apt to continue) that whereas morals did not make up for the absence of manners, the possession of manners was often an incentive to social morality, encouraging kindness and delicacy and general tolerance, softening the brutality of life, refining its harshness? The secret of good manners was the gift of pleasing. One could not hope to please save by indefatigable self-improvement.

More forcibly than any previous writer, Mr. Connely emphasises the part played by Chesterfield's personal characteristics in the evolution of his peculiar and alarming creed. This votary and prophet of the graces (who loom over his correspondence like the fatal *Parcae*) had entered the world ungraceful and unattractive. He had a disproportionately big skull, large ugly features, a short stunted body. In later life he was described by George II as a "dwarf baboon"; and there is no doubt that it was his "passionate desire of pleasing"—not any natural charm of face or manner—that lifted him to the high positions he afterwards occupied. He had also—perhaps as a result of his own somewhat unhappy and neglected youth—a deep and unselfish concern with the education of others. His paternal longings were never completely satisfied: and no sooner did some new young man make an appearance—receptive, untutored, with his way to find in the world—than the desire to instruct again took possession of him. Philip, his natural son, his *protegé*, Lord Huntingdon, and that second Philip Stanhope, his heir presumptive, all suffered from the solicitude of the benevolent autocrat who sought to guide their footsteps along the road to perfection, counselled, nagged, expostulated, warned and encouraged. His energy was inexhaustible: his kindliness and his sternness were equally blended. Though not infrequently a little disappointed—by Lord Huntingdon's decision to keep "an opera whore" when he should have been improving his mind among women of quality, or by the failure of Philip's maiden speech—he held his temper in check and retained his *sangfroid*. There was still time: he had still hope: he was still ambitious. He looked forward with unshaken confidence to achieving a masterpiece.

Such a triumph continued to elude him. But then, it was the chief weakness of Chesterfield's theorising that he persistently confounded the ends and the means. For the means he employed were elaborate and noble—they demanded wisdom and forethought, an unusual degree of patience and self-suppression: the objects he had in view were small and transitory. Lord Huntingdon might become Master of the Horse: Philip Stanhope, if he were diligent in attending his dancing-master and paid regular visits to Lady Hervey's salon and continued to sit at the feet of Madame de Monconseil, might aspire to a post in Newcastle's government, become Resident at Venice or Member for Liskeard. Chesterfield was a perfectionist who mistook himself for a fashionable *arriviste*. His letters are fascinating alike for their literary skill and for their revelations of the personality of the man who wrote them. Mr. Connely's book is a well-balanced and intelligent survey of Chesterfield's literary and social life. Now and then, Mr. Connely's style is a little too jaunty, and there are one or two statements about Chesterfield's contemporaries with which a student of the period is bound to disagree. It is not true, for example, that "Hervey . . . was ever at the Queen's ear . . . so firmly rooted in royal favour that Walpole himself could not dislodge him." (when Hervey was one of the great Minister's most accomplished adjutants) or that he was "toothless" as early as 1732 (the Duchess of Marlborough's savage portrait-sketch belongs to a later period). Otherwise, *The True Chesterfield* is an exceedingly useful volume, which should be consulted by every admirer of the Augustan Age.

PETER QUENNELL

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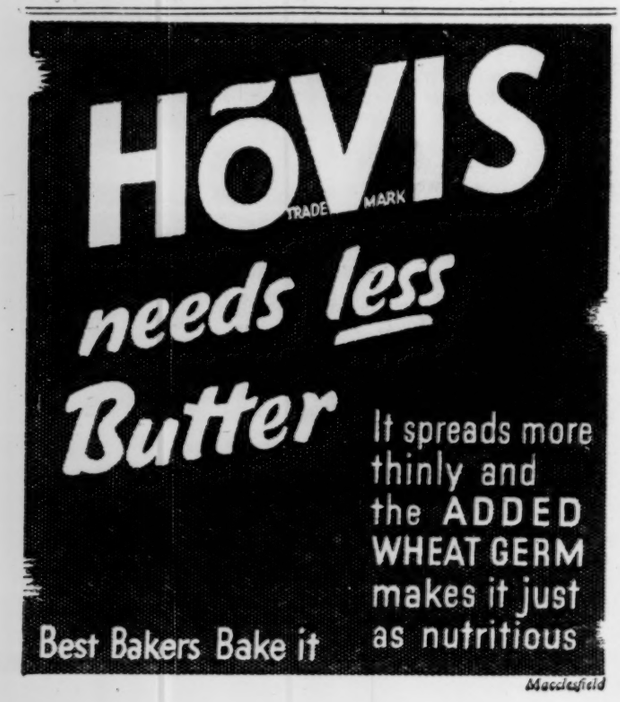
and the part we are to play in it is not decided at the breast or on the potty, but is fought out with constant reinforcements and changes of plan, many of which repeat the infantile pattern, but are not for that reason strategically useless. The trouble is that Freud, like all great geniuses, created his universe: his theories dovetail together; it is impossible to accept two or three without accepting them all; so beautifully do they fit in and so magnificently are they presented that one is slow to detect certain man-made aspects. That lecture on the psychology of women—how Victorian—that worship of science at the expense of all other not strictly scientific methods—how nineteenth century! That contempt for rivals and that extreme pleasure in making his audience defy common sense, in getting them to swallow the most improbable explanation, on the slendest evidence—how typical of the great artist! Yet his world is so incredible and so complete that when an Adler substitutes a banal desire for power or a Dr. Horney adds a craving for security to the basic instincts, one has a sense of disappointment, and returns to the preposterous claims of the great seducer himself, or an orthodox disciple like Groddeck.

Yet Dr. Horney, though lacking in the graces and the art of surprise, may well be right. Psycho-analysis is in its infancy. It sets out to study the Nature of Mind with rudimentary instruments, it makes certain inferences as to that nature which seems to work—but the bits of the jigsaw puzzle which have been fitted together may not be arranged in the right way, it is necessary to try many combinations. The only favour psycho-analysis must demand is that we believe in the puzzle and its solution, that we realise that the mental is more powerful than the physical, that against the small amount of psycho-analytical cures must be set the enormous improvement in our dealings with each other which a general acquaintance with such ideas as the Oedipus complex, masochism, or the death-wish affords. Normalcy does exist and is desirable, and in proportion as we deviate from it we are unhappy and a cause of unhappiness; the abnormal remain abnormal because the defences which they can erect, narcissism, masochism, perfectionism, etc., are sufficiently adequate for their needs. This does not mean, however, that they do not either deteriorate or prove quite useless when an unforeseen danger arrives, and then the débâcle is all the more terrible. And the abnormal are not the neurotic few but the majority of the human race, all those who are unhappier than they need be, the discontented women and the defeated men, the faces in the tube, the sheep with the nasty side. It is a consolation of human life that the sick forget what it is like to feel well, or the miserable to be happy. They jog along. But, nevertheless, health and happiness exist, and may tend to grow identical, and it is a disaster that they seem to be outside the range of more than a few people and that anxiety, relieved only by cruelty or the opiate of indifference, is the lot of the rest. Even the masochist does not like being unhappy, since he cannot make the efforts necessary for happiness he has to intensify his misery till it generates a stimulus—at the cost of getting further and further away from reality, where alone happiness is to be found.

Doctor Horney has some interesting things to say about masochism, which she is inclined to dissociate from the sexual basis insisted on by Freud. "Masochistic strivings are ultimately directed towards satisfaction, namely, toward the goal of oblivion, of getting rid of self with all its conflicts and limitations." As an amateur psychologist I would like to add that I have observed masochism in animals, who seem to be trying to avoid punishment by a kind of anticipatory acceptance of it, and that I believe masochism to be a process of ridding oneself of the fear of death by dying as much as possible. In fact, there is an element of masochism in all acceptance of death, in fatalism, in many religions. This acceptance may be partly sexual, but it is also—since death must happen—the only logical strategy to adopt in face of it. For this reason most human beings are masochists and it would be a good thing if the word were freed of its connotation with sexual perversion, and given a fuller meaning. There is even an element of courage in masochism, which is seen in the tendency to embrace the fear of destruction in the hope that destruction thus will be evaded. The masochist is often one who was exposed to too many dangers in childhood, such as loneliness and the dark, and who, unable to defend himself, made use of others to protect him. Since when he retains both the anxiety and the need for protection, and as Dr. Horney points out "relationships built on masochistic dependency are replete with hostility toward the partner." Often both partners are masochists, and hence the spectacle, which has done so much to discredit marriage, and indeed the whole system of the human couple, of the Babes in the Wood, escaping from their pursuers and clinging helplessly to each other in the bracken—by the throat.

Dr. Horney's book is easily read by the unscientific. In spite of her attrition the tremendous statue of Freud remains with only a few chips taken off it, but it is clear that she shows the trend of future investigation, which will be in the direction of helping patients to help themselves through an altogether thorough and complete analysis, rather than concentrating, fatalistically, on the therapeutic effects of the discovery of the initial error. One cannot be happy until one can love oneself without egotism or one's friends without tyranny. The issue, even in wartime, cannot be avoided, so any attempt to cast new light, especially from such a patient and humane angle, on the problem is to be encouraged and to be read.

CYRIL CONNOLLY



NEW NOVELS

The Death Ship. By B. TRAVEN. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*
The Bridge in the Jungle. By B. TRAVEN. *Cape.* 8*s.* 3*d.*
And This Our Life. By JACQUELINE VINCENT. *Bles.* 8*s.* 3*d.*
Lovers Meeting. By LADY ELEANOR SMITH. *Hutchinson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
Two Novelettes. By "QUITE A GENTLEMAN." *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Traven, of whose Collected Edition these two novels are the initial volumes, is remarkable at once as a writer and as a social curiosity; as a writer for his original talents, and as a social curiosity for his stupendous success. *The Death Ship* is the story of a simple sailor who loses his seaman's card and finds himself stranded in a foreign continent without state, name or identity. He is thrust from frontier to frontier, and lives precariously on his own wits, the charity or conceit of strangers, or the unwelcome hospitality of the police, until at last he signs on a vessel as filthy, battered and nameless as himself, since though a hell-ship gives no mercy it also asks no questions. Mr. Traven clearly has been a sailor, and presents this horrible ship and its scarecrow crew with a particular detail that makes their every aspect familiar. But though he describes a particular ship it is also the quintessence (or, perhaps, the lowest common multiple) of every vessel sailing the sea for profit; and although the conditions aboard it are as revolting as those of an Asiatic prison, their very frightfulness puts the men who survive beyond the power of any other misfortune, for they have already reached the lowest circle of the inferno. This may suggest that the novel is merely a good specimen of the "powerful" brand with which we are all too familiar. Actually, Mr. Traven dramatises neither character nor situation, but blends the humorous, the horrible and the universally satirical in a style that, though it must be immensely sophisticated, is superficially as clear-eyed and naive as the writing of a child prodigy. It is difficult to suggest in a

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FOR SOCIALISM AND PEACE

THE NEW LEADER, doubled in size and broadened out to represent all sections of the Left in the Labour Movement, will be on sale at Newsagents on March 14, price 2d. Write to Manager, 35, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4 for "Pocket Facsimile."

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V134

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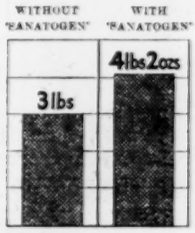

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review the peculiar flavour either of Mr. Traven's technique or of his attitude to life. There is something slightly Russian in his mastery of the art that affects simplicity, and at moments *The Death Ship* suggests an active adventure story by a rather cruder Chekov. Mr. Traven sees several sides to every situation, and it is typical that though he satirises capitalism he regards it not as an incubus foisted on innocent humanity but as a typical instance of the general silly baseness that characterises the human race itself. *The Death Ship* may be taken as allegory, fantasy, adventure story, or as several kinds of indictment. From whatever angle it is regarded it shows outstanding merits, not the least of which, perhaps, is the skill with which Mr. Traven veils his own fundamental intentions.

Though slighter in theme and narrower in treatment *The Bridge in the Jungle* is an equally interesting novel. It describes the drowning, wake and burial of a small Indian boy in a South American village, and is told with such detail and careful observation that it might almost serve as an anthropological report on native funeral customs. It is sympathetic, imaginative, extraordinarily vivid, and is, like *The Death Ship*, distinguished by a feeling, not in the least vulgar or perverse, for the humorous core of the horrible. Although the setting of the story is local and peculiar in the extreme, Mr. Traven is, as ever, preoccupied with universals, and is at pains to stress the superficiality of race, colour and custom. The tale is narrated by a white man of whom we are told practically nothing. His name, which is mentioned only once in the book, is the same as that of the hero in *The Death Ship*. There are several curious features about these novels, but the strangest is their enormous popularity. The first has sold at least two and a half million copies throughout the world, and most of Mr. Traven's other books have, it appears, been translated into ten or eleven languages. I cannot recall any other instance of a novelist so unusual in subject and so uncompromisingly individual in treatment achieving so extensive a public during his own lifetime. Entertaining as Mr. Traven undoubtedly is, the explanation of his huge popularity must be psychological rather than purely literary. The secret, I believe, is that he provides the final kind of escapism. People seek an escape from the drab, orderly organisation of their lives at least as much as from more particular misfortunes, and the death ship, without destination or nationality, manned by a polyglot crew who speak all tongues with a foreign accent, offers, for all its horrors, a refuge from the crushing omnipotence of States and big business more complete than can any South Sea Island or dream of the Italian renaissance because it escapes not merely from a place and age, but from time and space altogether. Mr. Traven, in fact, takes us safely back to the womb, and, by a mechanism well known to psychologists, makes this safety the more acceptable by its incidental unpleasantnesses. It is significant that the greater part of his vast sales have been made in Russia and Germany, the two states that approach nearest to Kafka's bureaucratic nightmare. Mr. Traven is true to the non-identity he describes, for although he must be among the half-dozen best-selling novelists of the world, nothing is known about him besides his American nationality. But however elusive his personality, his work is strong and distinguished, and it would be the greatest mistake for those who appreciate good writing to dismiss him unread as just another American best-seller.

And This Our Life, which originally appeared in France as *L'Enfant Qui Passe*, is an able, moving, horribly embarrassing study of maternal love and sacrifice. An emotionally starved woman whose unpleasant husband is at first unfaithful and then (apparently) syphilitic, lavishes all her choked affections on an adopted child. The woman tells the story in the first person, and through her eyes we see little Pierre forgiving his unjust teachers, shaming his beastly father, representing the infant Jesus at a pageant with impeccable piety, and showing enough snobbery, priggishness, financial sense and Oedipus complex to delight almost any mother's heart. His death from meningitis was practically inevitable, and reads hardly more painfully than the earlier descriptions of his grave love and happiness. Strongly as one suspects the objectivity of little Pierre's portrait, it is, I am afraid, impossible to doubt the sincerity and verisimilitude of the mother's own feelings. I should like to believe that the book is a brilliant pot-boiler by one of those drunken ex-reporters who are traditionally supposed to specialise in this class of fiction, but I fear, nevertheless, that, spiritually at least, it is largely autobiographical. *And This Our Life* is a well-composed and undeniably effective book that will certainly bring tears to the softer feminine eye and, perhaps, a lump to the simpler masculine throat. Thersites, however, as he blushes and wriggles in his chair, will rejoice that such stories are seldom so admirably written, and marvel that so much literary skill can be found in conjunction with so little criticism and self-restraint.

Lovers Meeting is an entertaining specimen of the novel in which characters are whipped backwards and forwards in time in order to help them find a perfect love. In this instance the alterations are more complex than usual, and the two lovers begin in 1812, are magically transported to the present, forgetting their past; are then carried back to 1812, where they remember the present, but not their previous 1812 (they find they can draw carburettors but not play the spinet); and then are taken back to the present, where—oh, never mind, it doesn't really matter. None of this Dunnish behaviour, of course, is of great importance, but merely gives Lady Eleanor Smith an excellent opportunity to indulge her sense of colour in an historical setting, without committing her invention to the difficult task of creating historical characters to inhabit it. The story as a whole, though slight, is very enjoyable. We are shown several versions of the same *affaire*, amused by the spectacle of a drunken Regency peer affrighted by visions of air raids, and given many chances to show our superiority by spotting anachronisms and inconsistencies. Like Mr. Priestley, Lady Eleanor Smith is unwilling to let well alone, and tends to burden her pleasant fancies with needless metaphysics. But she is too good a novelist to sacrifice fun to philosophy, and *Lovers Meeting* remains an unusual and amusing fantasy.

Two Novelettes (which, in spite of its author's pseudonym, is patently by a lady) is nostalgically reminiscent of those novels of the late twenties in which everyone was titled, amoral and cynically witty, and where every encounter became a party, a liaison or a disaster. To-day, alas, the fun's over, and although "Quite a Gentleman" tries desperately hard to make the old ghosts skip, his story is as painful and pathetic as an aged acrobat's birthday benefit. The book is notable for an extravagant waste of paper. Of the 142 chapters comprising these novelettes, 74 are less than a third of a page in length, while many are far shorter:

CHAPTER XVIII
Brenda broke it off with Arthur Hanbury-Cotts.

CHAPTER XXVIII
Adelaide Cutlet was having her nails done.

CHAPTER LII
Mordred's play was doing.

CHAPTER LIII
Prawna Villefranche was recovering at Juan-les-Pins.
She had met Captain Plantlife.
Etc., etc., etc.

Few authors can boast that four complete chapters from his novel have been quoted in a review. JOHN MAIR

JOHN WESLEY

The Journal of John Wesley. Abridged and Edited by NORA RATCLIFF. *Nelson.* 6s.

It was a good idea to abridge Wesley's *Journal*. The common reader would scarcely think of approaching it on other terms, and for once he can't be blamed; a book a million words long is very damping to curiosity. Yet not to know the *Journal* is stupid. This volume, with its modest readable appearance, should break the ice. Miss Ratcliff has done her job extremely well; she gets in something of everything, her preface is short but full of matter, and her few asides are well-judged. In brief, I have only one complaint—there should be an index.

For this is not a book to skim and put down. It is a starting-point for the inquirer; it opens up, not one fascinating subject, but a whole complex of them. Take the social scene, for example. Wesley lived almost right through the eighteenth century, and during half that time the British Isles were his parish; he knew more of England than all the poets, novelists and statesmen of the age put together. And he described exactly what he saw. There is nothing stranger than the breath of reality; it seldom finds its way into books, we are not used to it, and don't even know that we are not used to it—and here it rises from every page. Of course a whiff is too little; all who relish the excitement will ask for more.

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range of this book. If it were not so, an abridgment of Wesley might be spared, for his interest much exceeds his charm as a diarist.

I don't say he is without charm. What the *Journal* wants is relief; the style has been praised and it is quite pleasing, but the attitude reminds one of a Scotch Sunday lasting all the year round. In Wesley's view, the soul must never take a day off. Laughter, "trivial conversation," innocent amusements are almost sin. The Christian should divide his time between work and God. Of a victory celebration he writes: "There was no noise, hurry, bonfires, fireworks in the evenings; and no public diversions. . . . A Christian holiday!" That might be very well for him; his days were full and varied enough, but you sometimes wonder that his converts found life worth living. He expected even babes of six to be serious and renounce the world. At Kingswood School, it was enacted that the children must never play—"for she that plays when she is a child will play when she is a woman." One can't help being sorry for those poor infants. Instead of playing, they rose at four to pray, work or meditate for three hours till breakfast; and their only form of excitement was a religious crisis. Then it was the thing to "roar lustily" and turn red or black in the face. But since human nature is elastic, for all we know it did them no harm; they may not even have been unhappy. And Wesley's tender feeling for childhood is beyond doubt. In Sligo, he met a troop of urchins as godless as "the wild ass's colt"—and he was not more shocked than enchanted. "Who can believe that these pretty little creatures 'have the wrath of God abiding on them?'"

What we find most impressive to-day is the "enlargement of his heart" to the poor and simple. He was sublimely compassionate—and in that respect he is for all time; apart from that, he was very much the child of his age. Nothing vexed him more than to be described as an "enthusiast." He believed in lightning conversions; he thought it rational that a convicted sinner should scream and faint. But his own conversion had been quite mild, and the test he applied to all "experience" was its fruit in love and good works. Whereas not a few of the elect found it more convenient to test their works by the inner light.

> I talked with one who, by the advice of his Pastor, had very calmly and deliberately beat his wife with a large stick till she was black and blue almost from head to foot. And he insisted, "It was his duty so to do, because she was surly and ill-natured. And that he was full of faith all the time he was doing it, and had been so ever since!"

Wesley had much to bear from a refined form of this absurdity. He was always fighting "enthusiasts," not on account of their beliefs (in the Society, he boasted, "we think and let think"), but on the ground that they were unprofitable; they spent their time in "biting and devouring one another" and confusing the weaker brethren. Sometimes logic was on their side. If you grant, as Wesley did, that "whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin": and if you grant that many Christians *have* been born again—there seems no excuse for denying their claim to infallibility. But such a claim is fatal to practice, and therefore Wesley denied it without scruple. If he had been consistent, he would never have achieved anything. For after all, it was an "enthusiastic" fit that had changed his life, and he soon found that other lives required the same influence; although the drug might be poison, a grain of it was essential to every cure. So he administered the grain, and called it something else, and forbade the drug. He was a practical genius. And if love and good works can make a saint, he was a great saint.

K. JOHN

GROUP STUDY

Nationalism. By a STUDY GROUP OF MEMBERS of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. *Oxford University Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Chatham House, along with PEP, has familiarised us with the "group study" method of approaching human problems. Experts meet, talk, draft memoranda and reports, circulate these, criticise, agree and disagree, thus gradually over a period of months building up a wide picture of the subject, fitted together rather like a jigsaw puzzle. The method is relatively rapid, inexpensive, and "authoritative."

Nationalism is such a group study, brilliantly conceived and executed, under the chairmanship of Professor E. H. Carr. It is also extremely well written and well edited, and throughout there are brilliant passages, paragraphs that shed a fresh bright light on national processes. Yet an "unbiased scientific examination," such as this study claims to be (p. v), should by definition be scientific, that is to say, objective, international, without distinct class, sex or national bias. This study contains sentences and sections which are unmistakably upper-class and British. For instance, the curious (curious for a scientist) "defence" of British character (p. 320):

> The indictment is not an easy one to answer, although one point can be cleared up. The critic frequently weakens his case by implying that individual Englishmen are themselves hypocritical when they express moral indignation of such actions as the one quoted. This is certainly untrue. But the personal sincerity of the individual does not preclude the existence of that more deep-seated unconscious national hypocrisy which instinctively and unerringly produces at a given moment the appropriate moral principles to justify British policy

In that quotation we have a measure of the nationalism, the liberalism, and the etymological confusion in this study—confusing *words* with mental states (i.e., "deep-seated unconscious national hypocrisy which instinctively"). This word-confusion goes deep, because the group are writing about *feeling*, about abstractions, without having factually analysed how these feelings operate in practice among the different sorts of individuals concerned in a nation, race or state.

The authors are aware of the danger of word-confusion. They have five introductory pages mainly about the word *nationalism*, and eventually define it as "a consciousness, on the part of individuals or groups, of membership in a nation, or of a desire to forward the strength, liberty or prosperity of a nation, whether one's own or another" (p. xviii). This confusing definition (e.g., raising the problem of group consciousness) is somewhat clarified two pages later: "Nationalism has been used in the report to denote a *consciousness* of the distinctive character of different nations, including the one of which the individual is a member, and a desire to *increase* the strength, liberty and prosperity of nations" (my italics; see also pp. 35, 320). Nowhere in the 340 pages that follow is evidence adduced to show how far such favourable and conscious feeling does really exist among the people of different nations; its quantity and quality. Indeed, there is nothing from ordinary citizens in this study, though there is a great deal from and about learned persons and leaders.

So the book has plenty of major assumptions about mass attitudes, unsubstantiated by direct evidence from the source. To cite just two of the many passages whose general validity, when applied to the mass of citizens who make up a nation, I should like to see tested by unbiassed scientific experiment in this country (or Germany):

> p. xiv: The human mind is trained to classify experience in systematic and unified categories, so that it tends, unless checked, to attribute any phenomenon to a single cause.
>
> p. 251: Instinct, which may play a relatively large part in the formulation of a small group, tends to be of considerably smaller importance in the formation of a nation.

Although necessarily selective, such quotations reflect the language and feelings of this study, the systematic and unified minds of those responsible for it, and their inadequate analysis of the mass processes on which the survival of nationalism ultimately depends—that chaos, bewilderment, apathy and fantasy which make up the "consciousness" pattern of the mass of people who left school before they were fifteen, and who compose the major part of any nation.

So, having virtually ignored their own definition, having built up their own logical argument, the authors (if I understand them) come to their own graduate, British conclusion (p. 340) that the outlook for anything else but the existing system is at present gloomy, for "the nation is the political unit, and nationalism the group symbol, of the present stage of civilisation." Again, I wonder whether scientific investigation in Britain would show nationalism as the dominant group symbol; certainly there are several new group symbols of great importance, which have largely arisen since the last war, and about which this study seems insufficiently aware—Hollywood, Littlewood, Blackpool, Buchman, Petulengro, Unilever and Arsenal. If you ignore them, it is sometimes difficult to understand what is happening to our own national civilisation in its present struggles. Many intelligent people are experiencing that difficulty.

I have emphasised what I feel are the doubtful elements in this important study, because with such a distinguished work, one so easily accepts everything as the final word. The study has had the benefit of contributions or assistance from sixteen professors, one peer, three knights and twenty-six other experts to whom acknowledgments are made. How much more it might have

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benefited if this terrific team had included a single fieldworker, or even a single female. And why not someone who has to deal directly with people's group symbols, make direct contact with the consciousness of ordinary people? Mr. Middleton, Herbert Hodge, Itma, Schiaparelli, Gracie Fields, Beaverbrook, Patience Strong, Fernandel or Trotzky? TOM HARRISSON

VARIOUS LIVES

Still Eastward Bound. By JOHN LINDSEY. *Rich and Cowan.* 15s.

Lancashire for Me. By T. THOMPSON. *Allen and Unwin.* 7s. 6d.

The Lost Republic. By GUSTAV BAUMANN and ELFRIEDA BRIGHT. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Surveyor's Trek. By DAVID ANDERSON. *Faber.* 10s. 6d.

I Found Africa. By H. VAN NES ALLEN. *Hale.* 12s. 6d.

Perhaps autobiographies should be exempt from examination by critics during their author's lifetime. Here in matter as well as in manner authors are vulnerable. In criticising a man's autobiography one is commenting on his history, talents, opinions and on his character as well. It is hard to go so far without seeming unpleasantly personal. Authors are easily wounded anyway, authors of autobiographies must be doubly so. The reason for this apologetic introduction is Mr. John Lindsey's *Still Eastward Bound*. Mr. Lindsey's book enlists one's sympathies for him in his struggle to earn a living, it remains a most unsympathetic work. At the age of 30 Mr. Lindsey has 15 published books to his name, novels and biographical studies. He writes easily and fluently of a childhood in Suffolk, schooldays at Frinton and Hurstpierpoint, of schoolmastering and trying to make a living by writing. There are lots of incidents, his triumphs and discomfitures are frankly recorded. His reflections as he ambles along, though pompous and often truistic, are not without interest. His enthusiasms for unheard of geniuses, and his habit of using this book as a medium to pay off old debts of friendship as well as old scores are depressing. There is a hollow ring, too, when a writer keeps coyly referring to publishers as "my good friend Mr. X. X, of Y and Z," and something hideously boring when the information is added that "Y and Z is not to be confused with X and W." The whole thing rather reminds one of those dismal caricatures one finds in pubs, in which the publican, looking young and military and holding a cocktail glass, is labelled "the genial host." But these are flaws subsidiary to the main fault of Mr. Lindsey's book—its lack of imagination. Mr. Lindsey in recalling an event indicates that it was significant to him but utterly fails to recreate it for his reader. This list of the years and names of an ordinary life, sentimental, arch and sub-spiteful by turn makes mediocre reading.

If truisms could kill a book, Mr. T. Thompson's would be dead from the start, for he is a rustic philosopher. *Lancashire for Me, a Little Autobiography* is cast in the form of a series of discursive subjective essays, with personal experience as the link. Mr. Thompson is a Lancashire Elia with, instead of poets and books, a background of fish and chip shops and cotton mills. Like Mr. Middleton and Will Rogers and a good many others of the kind, he is essentially a good man, full of kindness, tolerance, affection and common sense. There is no rancour in him. Mr. Thompson's parents were really poor, and he himself went out to work at the age of ten. From this heartbreaking start he broke away by way of bookbinding and an interest in art. To-day he is well known for his Lancashire dialect books as for his Northern Regional broadcasts. His style is a model of simplicity and clarity and this book, in which he has written about Gracie Fields and Cup Finals, Bury Black Puddings and writing for films, is at least very endearing.

In some ways Gustav Baumann, whose memoir is published as *The Lost Republic*, is like Mr. Thompson. Simple and honourable he loved his native Orange Free State and the Boers and black men amongst whom he lived. Born in 1858, he was a surveyor who spent most of his working life establishing the boundaries of farms in what was then a newly settled country. In his profession he was successful. At the outbreak of the Boer War he was Surveyor-General the Republic, and during the war a member of the Krygsraad. It is recorded here in an introductory chapter that when he read his manuscript to his wife she said: "Do read it, it is so boring, it will send me to sleep." In fact, it is the sort of stuff of which conversation is made in simple communities. There are endless anecdotes of early days, of the discovery of diamonds, wild men who drank beer out of chamber pots in public and half-caste women whose descendants have become the best families. But while his early consciousness of the soil erosion which is following the South African habit of burning pasture to save the trouble of cutting the grass, and his generally humane attitude towards the natives (not averse from an occasional flogging though) do him credit, his conversation set down without his background of pinkish parched veld, distant mountains and coffee on the stoep is thin and a little shapeless. There is not enough material here to make an important book.

Mr. David Anderson was at Rugby and Cambridge. He went to Nigeria to survey. *Surveyor's Trek* is an account of events leading up to and the 18 months of his stay in Nigeria. Mr. Anderson starts nervously. He is the public school man who writes a good letter rather than the literary pro. He is faintly humorous about himself, tolerant of companions, and when nothing else is happening he can describe the scenery deftly. Once in Nigeria, however, the machinery begins to work more smoothly, and he has produced an admirable picture of a wild and woolly country dotted with English gentlemen bureaucrats, devoted to duty, and thinking of games and home. Throughout Mr. Anderson does the Old School credit. He finds to his surprise that he can control the boys (one of them is called Rhubarb, of course) and live in a tent in an intolerable climate. Tremendous news from England is that a friend has won the amateur golf championship. He has a horse called the Mighty Wurlitzer because of its amorous trumpetings on approaching any other horse. He can quote Stevenson, refer to César Franck or Mozart, and he can produce a wonderful piece of sententiousness like "When I plunge my hand into the pot pourri of mémory." That one can laugh at him as well as with him, does not make the book any less amusing. It is lively, intelligent and informative, and of the five books here reviewed the most worth the money.

One of Mr. Anderson's choice pieces of information is that in Nigeria Lord Trenchard is still remembered by his native nickname *Mai Handcuff*. Mr. Van Nes Allen, if we are to believe *I Found Africa*, lingers in the memory of Liberia as *Boung-Goom-Bah*—the Hunter Who Shoots in the Head. Mr. Allen is an American stripling who went to Liberia as an adjunct to a mission, with the intention of killing some animals. His style approaches the bogus lyricism of Oxford-Grouping sob brothers, he is painfully goody goody. His language is besotted with the cliches of American film trailers. He speaks of the Haunted Forest (Mr. Anderson would say the view reminded him of Windsor Great Park), Ju Ju and so on with bated breath and capital letters. At the end of the book it is almost a relief to remember that Liberia does after all exist to export rubber to the United States. Nevertheless, and in spite of all its faults, *I Found Africa* contains much crude excitement and would almost certainly make acceptable reading for unsophisticated under 14s with a leaning towards Winchester repeaters, elephant guns and the rest of the bag of tricks.

GRAHAM BELL

Week-end Competitions

No. 526

Set by Doll Tearsheet

In a country rectory a clergyman has now for six months given a home to his wife's parents, on whose financial aid he has since his marriage been largely dependent. He is anxious for them to return to their house on the outskirts of London and equally anxious not to give offence. The usual prizes of two guineas and half a guinea are offered for the best suggestions of how to achieve his aim.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 15th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

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TOTAL INCOME £7,048,840.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 524

Set by Roger Marvell

Mr. Augustus John has accepted re-election for the Royal Academy. A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best comment in prose or verse.

Report by Roger Marvell

I have often wondered where the enthusiasts for Royal Academy painting could be discovered, but the large field of competitors has thrown little light on this enigma. Little Billee sums up neatly the general verdict:

When John, in now quite distant days,
Joined the array of the R.As.,
Some murmured "He's no longer young;
Perhaps it's time that he was hung";
Others predicted change of mind
And crowed when, later, he resigned;
But none foresaw this final woe—
Do freed birds back to cages go?
Oh, no, John, no, John, no, John, no!

Several contributors used ingeniously this quotation from the old song.

Willy Tadpole ended with ribaldry:

But since he was so much the vogue,
Said they "We'll catch and keep the rogue
To turn the stile. It's certain Gus
Draws better than the rest of us."

The shortest, and most malicious, comment was Charles Pugmire's "Home, John!" But I cannot believe that Mr. John's spiritual home is Burlington House. Gerald Summers produced a lovely rhyme:

O Golly! That Academy!
So snug, so Alma Tademy,
—Though some may think it mad o' me,
It fairly makes me cry.

Noel Lawson, David Freeman, Nancy Gunter and M. Cassel sent some of the best entries, but I think the prizes should be divided between Johnny Dog, Uriah Heap and Shira.

"LOYALTIES"

Leaving the Boys, it's not easy you know, just for a Principle—*that* made you go. You stuck by your pals when you thought they were right, a friend to the outcast, prepared for a fight.

But the Bugle has Sounded, the Empire's on Guard; to hold aloof NOW would be selfish and hard. Your Academy needs you! So back you must go with Llewellyn, Matania, Munnings and Co. They're Art-cotton mixture? But you're dyed-in-the-wool. Stick fast to your Colours!—Augustus John Bull!

(*Not* by Patience Strong.) JOHNNY DOG

O blessed age! When now we see
Men turn to sweet humility:
Hitler licks Stalin's boots a little,
And Mr. Pollitt licks his spittle;
Dogs to their vomit now are gone,
Academicians to their John. URIAH HEAP

THE STORY OF AUGUSTUS

Augustus was a famous lad
And many arty friends he had
T'Academy accepts with joy
T'opinion of this grand old boy.

But one day, one courageous day,
They scream'd out: "Take this thing away!
This nasty picture take away!
We won't have this thing hung to-day."

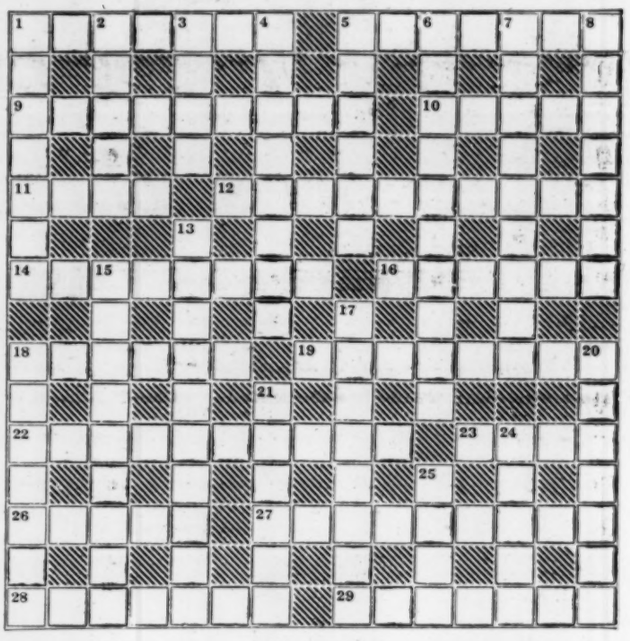
Next day, now look, this picture shows
Such talent, that Augustus grows
So angry, that he feel quite ill
With indignation, crying still—
"I passed this picture, who dare say,
'Take the nasty thing away!'
I'm hanged if it's not hung to-day!"

The third day came—oh, what a sin!
Augustus bust with rage within.
His wrathful resignation sent
To fools devoid of judg-e-ment.
And as he turned to go away,
He heard a hurdy-gurdy play
"See you again, some other day."

Look at him now, the time has come!
They've offered him a sugar plum
Crowned is Augustus' silver head
Once more an R.A.—strife is dead. SHIRA

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 522

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Sheila Stockman, 28 Pemberley Avenue, Bedford

ACROSS

1. Rooted cutting of normal value. (7)
5. Same as the first of 4. (7)
9. Would give one a yield of 14 pounds. (9)
10. Speed levies. (5)
11. A hot word. (4)
12. Royal ornithological collection. (10)
14. Philosophically these heights are taken with their opposites. (8)
16. Breaks the mosaic order. (6)
18. Belonging to the car club? (6)
19. One tack breaks in a hundred thousand. (8)
22. "Then the signal was made for the —— to anchor." (10)
23. May be a painful eye opener. (4)
26. Leaves a great deal to chance of course. (5)
27. Have they historical leaves? (9)
28. Result of overstepping it. (7)
29. Egyptian toaster. (7)

DOWN

1. Deadly way to gain commission. (7)
2. A tidey race in the North. (5)
3. They answer a bit sniffily no doubt. (4)
4. The drink that's left. (8)
5. How creepers turn over a new leaf? (6)
6. Rowing volumes. (10)
7. The men in Detroit lack nothing. (9)
8. Formerly military officers of flag rank. (7)
13. People in Bath mix them to their liking. (10)
15. A bewitching singer? (9)
17. Does heavenly drawings presumably. (8)
18. Entertains, with stories about the weather perhaps. (7)
20. Clipper's way. (7)
21. Takes the air without the motor. (6)
24. Notice of an intended hindrance? (5)
25. Apostates invariably have such an unprepossessing outlook. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

T	U	S	S	L	E	S	■	R	E	T	U	R	N	S
R	■	H	■	A	■	L	■	I	■	H	■	E	■	I
O	C	E	A	N	I	A	■	B	O	U	N	C	E	D
U	■	L	■	D	■	N	■	B	■	L	■	O	■	E
B	O	T	T	O	M	T	H	E	W	E	A	V	E	R
L	■	E	■	F	■	S	A	D	■	■	■	E	■	O
E	R	R	A	N	T	■	T	■	S	T	A	R	E	D
■	■	■	■	O	A	T	C	A	K	E	■	■	■	■
T	E	L	E	D	U	■	H	■	I	N	L	E	T	S
R	■	E	■	■	■	Y	E	S	■	T	■	N	■	T
O	V	E	R	H	E	A	D	C	H	A	R	G	E	S
U	■	S	■	O	■	R	■	H	■	T	■	L	■	E
S	H	I	M	M	E	R	■	E	M	I	C	A	N	T
S	■	D	■	E	■	O	■	M	■	V	■	N	■	E
E	Y	E	B	R	O	W	■	E	M	E	N	D	E	D

NOTES.—Sad, *Richard II*, III; Shimmer, "Hiawatha"; Slants, Eileen—I lean; Scheme, Abt. Vogler (Browning).

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SADLER'S WELLS, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1. 2d. bus fr. Piccadilly. (Ter. 1672) 9d. to 7s. 6d. Next Week: WEDNESDAY: 7, LA TRAVIATA (new Production). THURSDAY: 7, MARRIAGE OF FIGARO. SATURDAY: 2.30, FAUST. SATURDAY: MADAM BUTTERFLY.

THEATRES

ARTS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. Box Office (10 a.m.–8 p.m.) Tel. Cambridge 2000. Tues.—Sat., March 5–9. NIGHTLY at 7.30. Matinees, Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. THE MARLOWE SOCIETY present **TROILUS AND CRESSIDA** AND THE A.D.C.

APOLLO. Ger. 2663. Evenings at 8.15 (Ex. Mons.) Matinees, Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. GODFREY TEARLE, ANGELA BADDELEY in EMLYN WILLIAMS' Play **"THE LIGHT OF HEART"**

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) FRI., Mar. 15th, at 8. (subsequently, 6.0 & 8.40. 1st. Mat., Sat., Mar. 16, 2.30.) RONALD FRANKAU in A New Revue **"BEYOND COMPERE"** with Ted Ray, Renee Roberts, Gerry Fitzgerald.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. EVGS. at 8.30. Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30. EDITH EVANS. PEGGY ASHCROFT in **COUSIN MURIEL** By Clemence Dane.

HAYMARKET. Whi. 9832. Evgs. 8.15 (ex. Mons.). Matinees: WED., THUR. & SAT., 2.30. Michael REDGRAVE, Audrey MILDMAY in **THE BEGGAR'S OPERA** A GLYNDEBOURNE PRODUCTION

PHOENIX. (Tem. 8611.) Com., Wed., Mar. 13, at 8. Matinees, Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. JESSIE MATTHEWS & SONNIE HALE invite you to **"COME OUT TO PLAY!"** A New Song, Dance and Comedy Show

PICCADILLY. (Ger. 4506.) Evgs., 7.45 (ex. Mons.) Mats., Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS. **THE CORN IS GREEN** A COMEDY BY EMLYN WILLIAMS.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evgs. 6.15 & 9 (ex. Mons.) Matinees, Saturdays, at 2.30. BEATRICE LILLIE BOBBY HOWES and FRED EMNEY in **ALL CLEAR REVUE**

SAVILLE. Tem. 4011. 8.15. Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30. **RUNAWAY LOVE** GEORGE GEE, BARRY LUPINO, BILLY MAYERL, E. FAWCETT, E. CANNON, T. LUPINO, M. SANDFORD.

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) Evgs., 8.30. Th. & Sat., 2.30. ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON in **SPOTTED DICK** A new farce by BEN TRAVERS. "YOU WILL LAUGH AND LAUGH AND LAUGH."

TORCH. (Slo. 9966.) Nightly (Mons. ex.) at 8.0. DENNIS ARUNDELL in **THIS MAN WAS HENRY** By LUIGI PIRANDELLO Produced by ROBERT HARRIS Members (1s. p.a.) only. Prices 5s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 1s. 9d.

UNITY. (Eus. 5391.) EVENINGS, ex. Mons., 7.30. Opens Tuesday next, March 12th. **THE STAR TURNS RED** By SEAN O'CASEY Members only. 1/6, 2/6, 3/6. (Sub. 1/- p.a. Share 1/-.)

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WESTMINSTER. Vic. 0283. 8/6 to 2/6, bookable. Nightly (ex. Mon.), at 8.0. Wed., Th., Sat., 2.30. BEATRIX LEHMANN in EUGENE O'NEILL'S **DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS** LAST WEEKS LAST WEEKS.

WYNDHAM'S. Adjoins Leicester Sq. Tube Stn. Two Performances Daily (ex. Mon.) at 6 and 8.40. (Tem. Bar 3028) GORDON HARKER in **SALOON BAR** Mervyn Johns. Anna Konstam.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL is now back again at the MERCURY THEATRE, Notting Hill Gate. Nightly at 8, and three matinees weekly at 2.30 on Wed., Thurs., Sat. Highest price 6s.; Mondays and Tuesdays 3s. 6d. Over 1,000 performances of T. S. Eliot's masterpiece since 1935. Ring Park 5700.

FILM

ACADEMY Cinema, 165 Oxford St. Ger. 2981 **SACHA GUITRY** in his amusing historical diversion "REMONTONS LES CHAMPS ELYSEES" (A) Magnificent Spectacle and Sparkling Wit.

EXHIBITION

THE CHINESE TREASURE CHEST

is exhibiting Wedding and Birthday Presents from China, also Chinese Robes, Jewellery, Dress Accessories, etc., at HOTEL REMBRANDT, S.W.7 (opposite Brompton Oratory) March 12th-13th, 10.30-8.30 p.m. Admission Free Pre-war prices from *half a crown* to *Ten Guineas*.

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A.R.P. yourself at The Book Wine Restaurant facing British Museum, where you can also read "The New Statesman" and take out a subscription. MUS. 6428.

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TO let. Most inaccessible cottage within 60 miles London and 6 miles E. Sussex coast. Surrounded by forest, where wild deer still roam. This well-proportioned old stone tiled cottage is ½ mile from nearest lane, only approachable by car in high summer, otherwise foot or farm cart. Large studio with balcony hall, dining room, four bedrooms (running water), several attics, kitchen, etc. The whole newly panelled, painted decorated. No electricity, Elsan sanitation, water hand-pumped from well, Calor gas heating and cooking. Lovely garden with 1,000 sq. ft. flagged terrace, on S. aspect with 16 acres of land. Rent only 8s. per week, rates negligable, fittings and some furniture left by arrangement. Box 6983.

OAK TIMBERED converted Farmhouse. Two large sitting, five bedrooms (two small), kitchen, bathroom, two w.c.s. Modern conveniences. Garage, own electric light, main water. Garden. Telephone. Agricultural country. Main road A-414, six miles west Chelmsford. Freehold £1,500 (part might remain). Would let on Repairing Lease three years or longer. Vacant possession April 5th. MISS LAYCOCK, Wendover, Buckinghamshire.

CHILTERNS. Cottage vacant, near Nettlebed. 2 bedrooms, sittingroom, kitchen, promising garden. Quiet. Box 6995.

FURNISHED or unfurnished for duration. Charming modernised oldish house, 5 bed, 2 large recep., needs occupying. Lovely garden, suitable small market garden development near Birmingham. Vic. 1533.

LOW rent. Unfurnished small house with garden; newly painted; three bedrooms, large drawing-room, kitchen, bathroom. Kensington, near Park. 'Phone: Western 5926 (mornings).

TO LET furnished: six-roomed cottage, situated in middle of beautiful wood. Reasonable. Peaceful (ideal author, children, etc.). Box 6990.

ROOM, unfurnished, with use of kitchen, or inexpensive small flat, wanted by man. Preferable Central London. Full particulars to Box 6987.

IN secluded country house, wooded garden, large room, redecorated suit occupier, ideal for mother and child. Modern conveniences. Full board. 35 miles London, 18 Cambridge, £2½ weekly. Box 6979.

VERY ATTRACTIVE FLATS overlooking Primrose Hill, N.W.1. One furnished, exceptional modern equipment, from 25s. 6 months minimum. Box 6980

W.8. 4-roomed det. cottage in quiet street. £125 p.a. or furnished, 3½ *gns.* p.w. Box 6970.

BRONDESBURY. Self-contained flat—short or long lease—furnished or unfurnished; 3 large rooms, bath and w.c. 31 Exeter Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2052.

HIGHGATE. Bed-sitting room in modern flat. Central heating; c.h.w.; large grounds; tennis. 25s. Box 6994.

BLOOMSBURY. 43 Mecklenburgh Square. Ter. 3255. Small, quiet, furnished flatlet.

WANTED unfurnished cottage near Letchworth or in Chilterns. Vic. 1533.

SANDERSTEAD, 12 miles London (neutral area), 5 bedrooms, 3 sitting. Detd. Freehold. Best position in district. Near 2 stns. 30 mins., town. £2,000 (£1,600 could remain), or might let. 'Phone Roberts, Holborn 3216.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

APPOINTMENT OF EDUCATION OFFICER

Applications are invited for the appointment of Education Officer at a salary of £2,500, rising biennially by £250 to £3,000 a year. There are no age limits for candidates.

Applications must be made on the official form, copies of which, giving particulars as to duties and conditions attaching to the appointment, can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed foolscap envelope marked "Education Officer" to the Clerk of the Council, The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1.

The latest time for receiving applications is Monday, April 15th, 1940.

Canvassing disqualifies.

E. C. H. SALMON, Clerk of the Council.

MAN with good degree wanted for Maths. and Science, growing co-educational school, 20 miles London. Dalton and Project work. 40 children, 8–17. Interest in music, athletics, added qualification. Pleasant locality. Opportunities social contacts. Only moderate salary possible at present. Box 6969.

YOUNG woman, with varied secretarial experience, seeks responsible work offering scope to keen, active intelligence. Box 6946.

EX-INTERIOR decorator, urgently requires progressive job. Adaptable, intelligent, young lady, Art School training. Typing. Anything, anywhere. Box 6981.

EXPERIENCED, educated Scotswoman (36) seeks post as secretary, or secretary-housekeeper. Excellent references. Box 6974.

CAMBRIDGE woman graduate, experienced secretary, requires interesting post with statesman or writer. Box 6986.

YOUNG and experienced Cook-General (German refugee with working permit) seeks post with professional or business couple in London. Box 6973.

YOUNG woman Graduate (B.Sc. Econ.), experience research and statistics, wants research work either part or full time. Moderate salary. Box 585, C. Vernon and Sons, Ltd., 10 Charterhouse Street, E.C.1.

TYPEWRITING, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

DUPLICATING (Testimonials, Reports, etc.) TYPEWRITING (Theses, Plays, etc.) SHORTHAND—Verbatim or condensed reporting. METROPOLITAN TYPEWRITING AND REPORTING OFFICES, 75 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. Tel.: Holborn 6182.

TYPEWRITING of all descriptions including French, Italian and German. LADbroke 1378 after 7 p.m.

FACSIMILE letters, duplicating, etc. WYNN SIMPSON (1934) LTD., 124 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. HOL. 7478.

TYPEWRITING, with intelligence and accuracy. Prompt, low rates. ELSIE NEWTON, 1 Parton Street, W.C.1. HOLborn 1169.

ACCOMMODATION
To Let and Wanted

FURNISHED apartments to let. Delightful large light divan studio rooms. 17s. 6d., 25s. 6 Belsize Square, N.W.3. PRI. 3426.

HOME for one or two people. Moderate. Studio available. "Pilgrims," Shoreham, Kent

44 MECKLENBURGH Square. Top flat, unfurnished. Second floor rooms furnished or unfurnished. Terminus 4316.

CHARMING Bijou Guest House, newly decorated and furnished. Hot and cold. Garden. Rooms, including breakfast, dinner, bath, light; 35s. weekly. Few minutes Marble Arch and near Tube Station. 80 Maida Vale, W.9. MAI. 1930.

OAKLEY COURT. 29 Oakley Street, Chelsea. FLA. 9864. Large, well furnished, divan room. H. & C. 35s. with breakfast. Smaller 25s. and £1. Ample bathrooms, A.R.P. shelter.

CONVENIENT CENTRAL Divan Flatlets in quiet garden square. Every requirement. Wartime terms. Resident Proprietress. 14 Talbot Square, W.2. 2 minutes Paddington and Lancaster Gate Stations.

PLEASANT furnished rooms, 14s. to 25s. Also unf. 22 Belsize Avenue, N.W.3. Primrose 1043.

W.4. Young bachelor has excellent accommodation for another man in pleasant Bedford Park flat. Garden, garage. Very moderate expenses. Box 6967.

BUSINESS girl seeks semi or unfurnished room. Use kitchen. Moderate rent. N.W. London. Box 6962.

SUMMER in rural Chipperfield, Hertfordshire. Easy daily access London. 2½ *guineas* full board. Kings Langley 7876.

GROUP ACCOMMODATION

CONFERENCES or summer-courses can be accommodated, late July and early August. Inclusive terms. Further particulars from the Bursar, Cambridge Training College for Women, Cambridge (in a reception area).

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

THE NEW WAR LOAN—SHOULD A PROGRESSIVE PAPER GIVE TIPS?—GOLD SHARES

THE £300 million issue of 3 per cent. War Loan 1955–59 at par has come earlier than the City expected. I am inclined to think that it may be ante-dating the issue of private savings out of public spending. The Government's expenditures for the financial year ending this month have fallen far short of the Chancellor's expectations. The deficit is now calculated at only £690 millions against a Budget estimate of £938 millions. I am also inclined to think that if the Chancellor had postponed the issue for another month or two he could have borrowed more cheaply. The reinvestment of funds repatriated from America had already begun to exert an upward pressure on security prices. If this was the lightning effect of the first Treasury requisitioning order (and rather a paltry list of securities at that) what would be the effect of the second, third and fourth requisitioning orders? Prices on the Stock Exchange would undoubtedly soar and Government stocks would be standing at much higher levels than they are to-day. Was the Treasury afraid of inflating security prices too fast? There is all the difference in the world between an inflation of capital values following on a controlled fall in the rate of interest and the uncontrolled inflation of commodity prices. If the Treasury had waited till the funds from, say, its second requisitioning list had been reinvested in the market it could probably be borrowing on cheaper terms than 3 per cent. at par. As it is, National Defence 3 per cent. bonds 1953–58 were already standing at 101¾ to yield £2 19*s.* 3*d.* per cent. flat and £2 16*s.* 9*d.* per cent. to redemption before the new issue was announced. It has now dropped to 100¾.

* * *

Should a progressive paper give tips? It is a question which should be set in one of our competitions, and I would gladly give a guinea for a convincing (and final) answer. To reply that a progressive paper must give tips as long as progressive readers want them (as seems to be the case) is perhaps neither convincing nor final. There is probably a strong feeling among the readers who dislike tips that the City is an indecent institution and that it is immoral to make any profit at all out of any of its rackets. I often feel like that myself. When I leave the City in the evening I always like, if possible, to have a bath, so that I can come clean to enjoy the scandalous conversation of my non-City or non-capitalist friends. But there are many institutions in this democratic world which are wicked in great or less degree and which require as much reform as the City. Parliament, for example. Politics is perhaps the greatest of all rackets, but as long as we pursue a democratic system the House of Commons, in spite of its political racketeering, must stay. So with the Cityt As long as we operate a capitalist system the City can do a grea. deal of economic good in spite of its occasional crooks, its financial racketeers and its often indecent profits and commissions. It is essential, for example, while we retain private capital and allow the private individual to retain possession of his savings, to have in the City a market in which these savings can be transferred from one owner to another. That is why the Stock Exchange exists. And because it enables the owners of savings to retain a certain degree of liquidity, it facilitates the raising of new capital by entrepreneurs and promotes the economic well-being of the country. So I approach the problem with a desire to eliminate the crooks but not the Stock Exchange.

* * *

Now for the case of tips. When Capitalist A buys on the Stock Exchange a block of shares from Capitalist B at £1,000 and later on, after a market rise, re-sells the same stock to Capitalist C at £2,000, all that happens is a transfer of savings from one capitalist pocket to another. The Government is not normally concerned except to see that the market rise does not divert too much of the credit stream to the Stock Exchange or lead to a dangerous boom in any section of trade or industry. Within these limits it is quite in order to let capitalists exploit each other in the market, and if a City Editor can give tips to readers so that *they* can exploit the capitalists, he should receive a medal for meritorious conduct. (It will be rare.) Directors may, of course, abuse their position in giving tips. Not so the City Editor, for if a director tells anything to a journalist it is at the director's own risk. Directors, we know, are not supposed to tell, but, directors being human, leakages will occur. Sometimes the leakage is wicked enough to lead to a first-class scandal. Even City Editors have been known to expose them. But the remedy is not to abolish company boards but to educate the directors, morally and ethically. Remember that directors are free to buy their own shares and that the instructions they give to their brokers are often sufficient to set a market rise going. Often their inside information is worthless, but for them to back their own views may be justifiable speculation. And if a market in securities is to remain healthy and active, speculation is not only necessary but desirable—within bounds. But it is not really my intention to advocate speculation among readers of this progressive paper. Gambling I abhor, and constant speculation on the Stock Exchange should be left to the City professional. It is a mug's game for the layman. All that I claim is to comment on market trends with as much economic intelligence as I possess (so help me, Keynes) and as much "inside information," as I can collect from ignorant directors and tight-lipped Civil Servants. And, as one mug to another, it is a dog's life.

* * *

I would not follow the rise in South African gold shares. The decision of the Cape Government not to appropriate the proceeds of sales of gold above 150*s.* an ounce but to levy instead a special contribution of 9 per cent. on taxable income (before deduction of redemption allowances) was designed merely to promote the mining of low-grade ore and keep open certain mines which would otherwise have closed down. By the special contribution the gold mining industry as a whole will contribute practically the same amount in taxation as it did before. The established producers of medium or high grade ore are not greatly helped and their shares are not likely to appreciate, unless some further sharp rise in the price of gold is anticipated. But who would bet on that? America, with its huge and embarassing stock of gold, would not care to have such a fall in sterling as would upset their dollar economy. And there is no reason to suppose that sterling need fall under the weight of war purchases while the British Government goes on requisitioning its nationals' holdings of American securities and keeps in reserve the Anglo-French stock of gold. And at the end of this war who would dare to say that there will not be another "gold scare"?

CIVILIAN WAR RISKS
are covered
WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE
under new
WITH-PROFIT POLICIES
effected with the
SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND
Head Office:
9, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh.
London Offices:
28, Cornhill, E.C.3, 17, Waterloo Place, S.W.1, 107, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

3% WAR LOAN, 1955-1959

Interest payable half-yearly on the 15th APRIL and 15th OCTOBER.

ISSUE OF £300,000,000.

A first payment of £1:10s. per £100, being a full half-year's interest, will be made on the 15th October, 1940.

PRICE OF ISSUE £100 PER CENT.

PAYABLE AS FOLLOWS :

On Application	£10	per Cent.
On Monday, 15th April, 1940	£90	,,
	£100	per Cent.

This Loan is an investment authorised by "The Trustee Act, 1925," subject as regards securities payable to bearer to the provisions of Section 7 of that Act.

THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, are authorised to receive applications for the above Loan.

Applications must be for sums of £100 or for multiples thereof. No allotment will be made for a less amount than £100 of the Loan.

The Principal of and Interest on the Loan will be a charge on the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom.

If not previously redeemed, the Loan will be repaid at par on the 15th October, 1959, but His Majesty's Treasury reserve to themselves the right to redeem the Loan, in whole or in part, by drawings or otherwise, at par on, or at any time after, the 15th October, 1955, on giving three calendar months' notice in the *London Gazette*.

The Books of the Loan will be kept at the Bank of England and at the Bank of Ireland, Belfast. Holdings may be in the form of:—

(1) Inscribed Stock "transferable in the Books" subject to the provisions of the Government and other Stocks (Emergency Provisions) Act, 1939;
(2) Registered Stock "transferable by Deed"; or
(3) Bonds to Bearer in denominations of £100, £200, £500, £1,000 and £5,000;

The several holdings will be interchangeable without payment of any fee. Stock will be transferable in sums which are multiples of one penny.

Transfers and Bonds will be free of Stamp Duty.

Interest on the Loan will be paid half-yearly on the 15th April and 15th October. Interest on Stock will be paid by warrants transmitted by post and Income Tax will be deducted from payments of more than £5 per annum. Interest on Bonds to Bearer will be paid by Coupon.

Stock or Bonds of this Issue and the interest payable from time to time in respect thereof will be exempt from all United Kingdom Taxation, present or future, so long as it is shown in the manner directed by the Treasury that they are in the beneficial ownership of persons who are neither domiciled nor ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. Further, the interest payable from time to time in respect of Stock and Bonds of this Issue will be exempt from United Kingdom Income Tax, present or future, so long as it is shown in the manner directed by the Treasury that the Stock or Bonds are in the beneficial ownership of persons not ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

Where the interest is exempt from tax, Coupons on Bonds to Bearer will be paid without deduction if accompanied by a declaration of ownership in such form as may be required by the Treasury.

The allowance of these exemptions from taxation is, however, subject to the provisions of any law present or future of the United Kingdom directed to preventing avoidance of taxation by persons domiciled, resident or ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom, and in particular the interest will not be exempt from Income Tax where, under any such provision, it falls to be treated for the purpose of the Income Tax Acts as income of any person resident or ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom.

Applications, which must be accompanied by a deposit of £10 per Cent., will be received at the Bank of England, Loans Office, E.C.2. In case of partial allotment the balance of the amount paid as deposit will be refunded by cheque.

Payment of the balance due on the 15th April, 1940, must be accompanied by the relative Allotment Letter giving instructions for the inscription or registration of the Stock allotted, or for the issue of temporary Bond Certificates to Bearer. Bond Certificates must be inscribed or registered before 10th September, 1940, or may be exchanged for Definitive Bonds with Coupons attached as soon as these can be prepared.

Prepayment of the balance due on the 15th April, 1940, may be made under discount at the rate of 1 per Cent. per annum. Default in the payment of this balance by the due date will render the deposit liable to forfeiture and the allotment to cancellation.

A commission of 2s. 6d. per £100 nominal will be paid to Bankers or Stockbrokers on allotments made in respect of applications bearing their stamp.

Application Forms, together with copies of this Prospectus, may be obtained at the Bank of England, Loans Office, E.C.2; at any of the Branches of the Bank; at the Bank of Ireland, Belfast; of Messrs. Mullens & Co., 13, George Street, Mansion House, E.C.4; or at any Stock Exchange or Bank in the United Kingdom.

The List of Applications will be opened on Tuesday, the 12th March, 1940, and will be closed on Wednesday, the 13th March, 1940.

BANK OF ENGLAND, LONDON,
5th March, 1940.

N.B.—Separate Prospectuses providing for 3 per Cent. War Loan, 1955-1959, to be held on the Post Office Register will be issued by His Majesty's Postmaster-General (and may be obtained at any Savings Bank Post Office or Bank), and by Trustee Savings Banks. An application under the Prospectuses issued by His Majesty's Postmaster-General and by Trustee Savings Banks must not exceed £1,000. Stock created in respect of such applications will be additional to the £300,000,000 mentioned above.

THIS FORM OF APPLICATION MAY BE USED

The List of Applications will be opened on Tuesday, the 12th March, 1940, and will be closed on Wednesday, the 13th March, 1940.

3% WAR LOAN, 1955-1959 ISSUE OF £300,000,000 AT £100 PER CENT.

TO THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND, E.C.2.

I / We request you to allot to me / us in accordance with the terms of the Prospectus dated 5th March, 1940, £_____ say, _____ pounds of the above-named Loan, and I / we hereby engage to pay the balance due on any allotment that may be made in respect of this application, as provided by the said Prospectus. The sum of £_____, being the amount of the required deposit (namely, £10 for every £100 of Stock applied for), is enclosed.

Signature _____

Name in full _____
(BLOCK LETTERS) (State Title, if any, or whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address _____

_____

Date, _____ *1940.*

N.B.—Applications must be for £100 or for multiples of £100. Cheques should be made payable to "Bearer" and crossed thus :—

Bank of England,
a/c War Loan.

Applications should be forwarded to the Loans Office, Bank of England, London, E.C.2.